THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

JULY, 1807.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

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AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET, PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to notice, that Correspondents' Letters, the postage being unpaid, are generally returned unopened to the Post-office: this hint may be taken in future, by the Correspondent who sent the lines on a Captive Goldfinch.

We are sorry the account of Cocking at Cardiff arrived too late for this Month. It shall appear in our next Magazine.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Marshall Pinx.

SPANIELS.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JULY, 1807.

SPANIELS.

An Engraving by Scott, from a Painting of Marshall's.

THESE Spaniels are the property of John Carr, Esq. of Monmouthshire; the one to the left is of the Sussex breed, the others the common cockers; all of them remarkably good, but the Sussex-bred one certainly shews the most blood, and the sort is esteemed by the best-informed sportsmen, to be the most genuine of the Spaniel race.

THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am a constant reader of your valuable Magazine, and, as a sportsman, I feel much interested in every thing that concerns the treatment of dogs, particularly when in that destructive disease, the distemper.—Like most sportsmen, I have lost many favourite and valuable dogs from this cause, and some of them in circumstances so particular, that I have frequently intended to communicate them to you: this I have hitherto declined, imagining similar cases must frequently have occurred within your own knowledge. I trust, therefore, you will forgive me now for taking the liberty of noticing an assertion made by the writer of the article on Lingo and Rocket's Match in May last, in which, from my own experience, I know him to be completely mistaken. He seems to hold it as an acknowledged fact among all sportsmen, that no dog of four or five years old can possibly die of the distemper.—I own, that by seeing this universally laid down as certain by almost every writer on the subject, I looked on it as an established truth, until I was unfortunately convinced by experience, that neither the age of a dog, nor his having formerly had the disease, is any safety against his taking it again.—In 1801, a friend sent me a pair of very fine spaniels from a southern county in England; they were then fit for breaking, that is, eleven months old.—In October, 1804, I lost the best of them in the distemper, being the *third* time he had it—the other dog remained in the kennel with him, and afterwards was repeatedly among young dogs which were ill, and never took it, but has now taken it when in the kennel by himself, and without having been near any dog ill of the distemper since December 1805. I likewise knew a very va-

luable dog which died of the same disease when he was *seven* years old.

You may believe I have tried every kind of medicine; I do assure you, the most inefficient I have ever tried I uniformly found to be ——, from which I never once saw any good effect, although within five or six years have administered not less than thirty papers of it, and under the most favourable circumstances, with the most scrupulous adherence to his own directions.—Common salt, flour of sulphur or antimony, with as much broth or other nourishing and warm drinks as possible, I have always seen much more effectual.

It would be very obliging if in your next Number you would mention what are the medicines other than ——, which are most approved of by sportsmen in your quarter, as the number of dogs which die here, in spite of every medicine, is incalculable.

I am, Sir, most respectfully,

A SCOTCHMAN.

Rannoch, Perthshire, Scotland,
July 1, 1807.

Conceiving that it would be highly injurious to the person named in the manuscript of this letter to publish his name, it is purposely omitted, not only from that consideration, but because we know the gentleman to be a man of science and literature, and farther, that the writer may probably himself be mistaken, in his conjecture as to the inefficacy of the medicine he alludes to.

COCKING.

NEWTON.

IN the Race-week, a long main of cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, (Goodall, feeder) and Richard Leigh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder), for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main; which was fought as follows, viz.

	GOODALL. M.	B.	GILLIVER. M.	B.
Tuesday,....	1	0	6	2
Wednesday,..	1	2	6	0
Thursday, ...	5	1	10	0
Friday,......	5	1	3	0
	12	4	25	2

NEWCASTLE.

During the Races, a long main of cocks was fought between Charles Brandling, Esq. (Sunley, feeder) and G. T. Leaton, Esq. (Welch, feeder) consisting of 44 main battles, and 12 byes, for 20gs a battle, and 1000gs the main.—The following is a statement:—

	SUNLEY. M.	B.	WELCH. M.	B.
Monday,....	5	1	2	1
Tuesday,....	3	2	4	0
Wednesday,..	3	2	4	0
Thursday, ...	4	1	4	1
Friday, ...	6	2	1	0
Saturday, ...	5	1	3	1
	26	9	18	3

Setters.—Probin for Mr. Brandling; and Lockey for Mr. Leaton. Before fighting, 5, 6, and 7 to 4 on Sunley; after Monday's fight, 2 to 1 on Sunley; after Tuesday's fight, 5 to 4 on Sunley; and the same after Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday's fighting.—The fighting throughout the week was excellent.

STAMFORD.

In the Race-week, a long Main of Cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Leicestershire (Faulkner, feeder) and the gentlemen of Lincolnshire, (Burton, feeder) for 5gs a battle, and 50gs the main, which was won by the former.

NANT-

NANTWICH.

During the Races, (three days) a main of cocks was fought between H. A. Leicester, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) and F. R. Price, Esq. (Potter, feeder) for 20gs a battle, and 200gs the main; which was won by the former, 15 to 14; of the byes, Gilliver won 4, and Potter one.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1807.

EDINBURGH ...... *August*	3
Nottingham	4
Huntingdon	4
Chelmsford	4
Newbury	4
Worcester	4
Newcastle, Staffordshire	5
Exeter	6
Brighton	7
Southampton	10
Lewes	13
Taunton	13
Reading	18
Bodmin	18
Derby	18
Northampton	19
Hereford	19
York	22
Canterbury	25
Egham	25
Tre-Madoc, Carnarvonshire	27
Warwick	27
Boroughbridge ...... *Sept.*	2
Pontefract	8
Lincoln	9
Bedford	10
Kingscote	15
Leicester	16
Doncaster	21
Walsall	23
Newmarket First October Meeting	28
Dumfries ...... *Oct.*	5
Newmarket Second Meeting *Oct.*	12
Richmond	13
Northallerton	21
Newmarket Houghton Meeting	26

SETTING OF TRAPS.

Law Case tried at the Gloucester Assizes.

A Cause, which had excited much interest in the county of Gloucester, and which involved a question of considerable importance to the public, was tried at these assizes, before a special jury; wherein the Rev. Mr. Townsend, of Steanbridge, was plaintiff, and Paul Wathen, Esq. of Lyppiatt-Park, in that county, defendant. The action was brought in consequence of several of the plaintiff's hounds having been caught and disabled in traps, set in one of the defendant's woods; and the principal point in the cause was, whether the defendant had a right to set such traps, although upon his own ground. In the course of the evidence it appeared, that the traps were of an unusual size and shape, that trails had been drawn about the wood and across the public foot-paths, to the spot where the traps were concealed and baited; that a deer and several dogs had been caught in one of them, and that a boy, in the defendant's employ, had inadvertently met with the same accident.

The learned Judge, (the Chief Baron) before whom the cause was tried, in addressing the jury, observed, that although traps might be set for vermin, yet there were bounds to that right—such as usual hours to set them, and proper dimensions;

mensions; and that it was not necessary to prove an intention of injuring the particular individual in order to maintain the action; but that a conclusion might be drawn from general circumstances; and he had no conception that traps of an inordinate and alarming size, such as had caught a boy and held a deer, should be set; and when the traps were placed near foot-ways on which a man and his dogs had a right to go, and the game-keeper had directions to bring the dogs which might be caught, there could be no doubt, that, under such circumstances, a person was liable to make satisfaction to another for the injury done to him.

Verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages, thirty guineas.

ILLEGAL BETS.

CAMBRIDGE ASSIZES.

Howell *v.* Wing.

THIS action was brought to recover 19l. 9s. 6d. the balance of a sum of money deposited in the hands of defendant, to be paid to the winner of a bet depending upon the event of a foot-race. The race was run, and the man lost; in consequence of which the plaintiff, as the winner, claimed the stakes, which the defendant refused to deliver up, having notice from the individuals concerned in the bet to that effect. The evidence on the part of the plaintiff had just closed, when, on a suggestion from defendant's counsel, the learned Judge determined that the case came within the statute of the 9th of Anne, and therefore it was an illegal bet, and if the honour of the parties were not concerned, the law could not take cognisance of it.—*Plaintiff nonsuited.*

Robert Ivatt *v.* William Finch Finch, Esq. and Richard Bacchus.

THIS was an action of trespass, to recover the value of three mares, which the defendant, Bacchus, as bailiff to W. F. Finch, Esq. lord of the manors of Crowlands and Sames, in Cottenham, had seized as heriots, on the death of Mrs. Alice Watson, which happened in February, 1807, who held three copyhold and customary tenements of those manors. The plaintiff, who married Mrs. Watson's daughter and only child in September, 1805, pretended that Mrs. Watson, in her life time, had given all her stock and personal property to him, and therefore that she did not die possessed of the said three mares.

The plaintiff, who produced a great many witnesses, made out no proof of a sale or gift of the property to him, to prevent the lord's justification in seizing the heriots, there being no bill of sale or other instrument to shew the absolute transfer of the property to the plaintiff. The jury therefore gave a *verdict for the defendants.*

THE PARSON's HORSE AND THE WINDMILL.

HUNTINGDON ASSIZES.

AN indictment was tried at the Huntingdon Assizes, which has excited no small degree of pleasantry as well as interest in the county; but the issue, perhaps, is the most singular that ever took place:—It was an indictment against

gainst a *miller* for a nuisance, for working his mill so near the common highway as to endanger the lives of his Majesty's subjects, by frightening the horses travelling on the road. The prosecutor is a clergyman residing in the neighbourhood of Huntingdon, and is a man of considerable property and consequence in the county. The mill in question is an old erection, and stood some time back far out of the high road upon a common; but by a recent act of Parliament the common has been inclosed, and the only road left, unfortunately for the miller, passes close under the fly of his mill. The prosecutor, it appears, was compelled to go this road, and the mill being at work as he passed, his horse took fright and threw him. This happened with almost every horse that passed the mill.

Mr. Justice Grose addressed the jury, and observed, that as the mill now stood, it was unquestionably a nuisance, and the miller must be found guilty. It was, however, no fault of his, he could not move his mill; but the commissioners under the inclosure bill, who directed the road to be set out, were most to blame, and he regretted they had not been made parties to the indictment. Neither was the prosecutor to blame in preferring the indictment. He could go no other way since the inclosure, and his life, as well as those of his fellow-subjects travelling by the mill, was endangered, while the mill remained in its present situation.

Under such circumstances he felt himself wholly at a loss how to act: the miller ought not to be punished for that he was innocent of, and yet the prosecutor's convenience and the public safety must be consulted. He thought, however, that the best way of deciding would be, to *direct the prosecutor to pay the miller 40l. and the miller to abate the nuisance, with leave to erect his mill on some convenient spot adjoining.* This was accordingly made the judgment of the court.

This decision has caused much surprise in the county, as it is the first instance wherein a *prosecutor* has been made to pay a *fine* for obtaining justice.

ACTION FOR ASSAULTING A GROOM.

SHERIFF'S COURT.

Potts *v.* the Hon. George Murray.

THIS was an action of assault. The plaintiff was groom to the defendant, and on the 16th of April was charged with the care of two horses, on their way from Edinburgh to London. On the 3d of May he arrived at Bartlett's Livery Stables, in Oxford Road, and the defendant was informed by his valet that Potts had lamed one of the horses in the journey. The defendant went immediately to the stables, and taxed the plaintiff with the fact. He denied it, and said the valet had told an untruth; words ensued, and the defendant struck and kicked the plaintiff in the side, and gave him a wound over the eye, which separated the skin near an inch.—The plaintiff had remained ill ever since, and was at that moment attended by Surgeon Armstrong—the blows having produced a spitting of blood, which, it was feared, would cause a consumption.

It appeared, in defence, that the plaintiff had strained the back

sinews

sinews of the horse's leg, by incautiously leading him down a hill, and, being a favourite and valuable horse, the defendant was vexed at the circumstance. It was contended, that the spitting of blood was occasioned by the plaintiff's consumptive habit, which was made worse by his being a *racing groom.*

The Sheriff said, the defendant was not warranted in beating him, and the jury would say what damages he was entitled to for the injury he had received, considering his loss of time, and the probable amount of the Surgeon's bill.

The jury retired for a short time, and found for the plaintiff—Damages, *One Hundred and Fifty Pounds!*

SAILING MATCHES.

ON Monday the 20th, the Contractors of the Lottery gave a beautiful Cup, value 50l. which was sailed for by the following gentlemen:—

Mercury..............	Capt. ASTLEY
Olive Branch......	DEACON
Royal George.....	GUNSTON
Daphne.............	BOWYER.

They started at five o'clock from Blackfriars'-bridge, and were all in line till opposite Somerset House; the Olive Branch shot a-head, the Mercury soon passed her, and got through the centre arch of Westminster-bridge, and kept the lead till off Nine Elms; the Olive Branch passed the Mercury about a boat's length, when, by a tack, the Mercury passed her, and kept a-head of her three boats and a half length to Vauxhall Stairs, where Mr. Astley was presented with the Cup by the gentlemen; this being the fifth prize won by the same boat, and six prize cups in the whole. A vast assemblage of boats was on the river, and the shores were lined with spectators. We are happy to add that not any accident occurred.

VAUXHALL CUP.

ON Monday the 27th, the Annual Silver Cup and Cover, given by the Proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, was sailed for by the following gentlemen's sailing pleasure boats:—Mercury, 7 tons, J. Astley; Atalanta, 7 tons, Smith; Bellissima, 17 tons, Fairbrother; the St. George was also entered, but owing to the superiority of the other boats, declined the contest.

The wind at starting blew a stiff breeze from the South, which occasioned the Bellissima, being so much heavier than the others, to carry a great press of sail, and enabled her to keep the lead the whole distance, without the least chance of the others coming up; indeed, when opposite Wandsworth, in going up, the Atalanta declined the contest; but the Mercury, although a great distance behind, persevered to the end of the contest, and came in about a quarter of an hour after the Bellissima, which was the winning boat.—Captain Fairbrother was immediately handed into the Vauxhall boat, and from thence conducted into the gardens by Mr. Barrett, who presented him with a most elegant Silver Cup and Cover, valued at 30 guineas, amidst the shouts and plaudits of a vast concourse of spectators.

The river displayed a scene of the utmost beauty and grandeur, being covered with pleasure boats and wherries.

THE

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

No. I.

COLLOQUY.

Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

Why do you on both sides the paper write?
You stand reprov'd, if you've not lost your sight.

A. B.

I own it, Sirs, yet pray reproof give o'er—
Let this excuse me—I am very poor;
And this the poor man always has to do—
To make one shilling go as far as two.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part—there all the merit lies." *Pope.*

THE writer who here makes his entrance into the society of sporting gentlemen, under the character of a Philosophical Sportsman, means, in the first place, to assume the critic's part; by passing his candid judgment on the management, structure, materials, &c. of the vehicle in which he appears, namely, *The Sporting Magazine;* which liberty, he trusts, will be freely granted him, since the proverb says, "A man should eat a bushel of salt with another before he makes him his friend."—Whether the Philosophical Sportsman be so thoroughly acquainted with, or has the abilities necessary to the passing a just judgment on, the Sporting Miscellany, I shall not determine; this, however, is certain—he ought to be well acquainted with the company he means to keep.

There seems to be a natural and prevalent propensity in man to criticise and censure the conduct and actions of each other. We take on ourselves the liberty of either applauding or censuring whatever we see and hear of the manners, undertakings, and management, of every one, and of every thing; and we frequently pass a verdict the most unjust and illiberal. This we many times do without any ill will or sinister motives; we do it merely through our not having maturely reflected on the circumstances and situations of the parties concerned, and without once calling into our consideration the avowed professions, and the characters, which they are bound in duty or obligation to sustain.

We meet with many things, we may observe various actions and pursuits in the world, which at first sight appear to be trifling, inconsistent, and impertinent, but which, on a more mature reflection, and thoroughly weighing circumstances, situations, and characters, will be found to be consistent, quite in character, and consequently very proper. The same argument holds good with respect to all the amusements and business of individuals, whether public or private; yet it is very observable, that we are but too apt to criticise and censure actions, habits, productions, &c. for no other apparent reason than because they are diametrically different to our own, or to those of some other particular individuals; this we do without once reflecting, that characters and professions are in like manner diametrically opposite. Some intelligent readers, who have been principally engaged with learned literature, grave discourses, metaphysical disquisitions, pathetic tales, and novelistical narratives, are apt, at the first perusal of a Sporting Miscellany, to exclaim against it; perhaps sneeringly say, it is a work which, when a man

man has once seen, he never wishes to see again. How illiberal is such a remark! What deficiency of reflection and sound judgment does it manifest! Such a decisive verdict ought never to be given to any thing, merely because it is not suited to our own taste and peculiar habits, which should count for nothing when we are passing a judgment on the conduct and actions of others. The question is this:—Is the matter before us consistent with its character and professed design; are the character and design ably supported? If this be granted, then we must allow the actors to have merit, and to deserve applause; for

"Honour and shame from no condition rise:
"Act well your part—there all the merit lies."

True criticism looks to the design, the professed object of a man's actions and performances; if he sticks to his character, and acts it with propriety, be it a beggar or a king, buffoon or philosopher, he has his due applause: though his character, and what he does, be hated, yet the actor has the commendation of acting consistently, and in his true character.

The peculiar attachments and aversions of individuals are so varied and dissimilar, that what is unpleasant, or even nauseous, to some, shall in others be delightful and reviving. Onions and fish are highly disagreeable to some; others cannot bear either on their stomach; yet a third description, who feel a longing after them, devour them with a delightful greediness, and receive from them much nutrition. Those to whom the smell of fish is offensive, and whose stomachs will not bear it, will find it a painful and arduous task to examine the cause sufficiently to know whether it is good or bad of the kind; and to condemn it without due examination is rash and illiberal. Of all the meats and drinks, amusements and occupations, in the world, none are to be censured or condemned but such as have an evident tendency to taint the blood with morbid maladies or contagious diseases; or that deprave the manners, vitiate the principles, sow discord and confusion, or that enervate the constitutions and spirits of a community. Such are not only severely censured, but are condemned *in toto*.

Having made these remarks, I proceed to give a few general observations on THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Whoever has candidly and impartially examined the work before us, must acknowledge it to be uniform and consistent, made up of one nature, having always the same qualities, and wrought up with materials that are homogenous to its title, design, and professions.—Few, very few periodical publishers, have kept so uniformly close to the title and nature of their publications and original professions as have the Editors of the Sporting Magazine, they having constantly kept their ultimatum in view almost to an error. The embellishments given are likewise strictly consistent with the work, for the most part bearing an affinity to its title, and that are proper and well suited to the sportsman's contemplation. Had the Editors called in to their assistance the aid of fancy, and given plates from their literary articles on sporting, natural history, &c. with which the work abounds, they might probably, at less pains and expence, have added a still greater splendour to their publication;

tion; but their embellishments are likenesses of animals that lately have, or do now actually exist, from occurrences that have really happened, and from paintings by the first artists in the kingdom.

On an attentive perusal of the literary departments, it will appear, that the sports of the field, and those animals called game, with others which come more intimately under the cognisance and consideration of the sportsman, form a prominent feature, whilst the various other kinds of sporting are carefully stated, from which the young and spirited sportsman may gather not only amusing information, but useful knowledge; receive ideas of things and circumstances which never before occurred to him; and avoid those extremities, that rash and giddy conduct, to which some have fallen a sacrifice. In short, we meet with all information consistent with the delights of the sporting world. If the Editors cut a short angle into other regions than those peculiar to the sportsman, and he finds himself at fault, yet let him take heart, and pursue his object, resting assured that such a digression will be of short continuance, that he will soon take scent again, and start such subjects for his diversion and manly exercise, as may be pursued to the end of the course with but little dead hunting. Having given this small tribute of justice due to the Sporting Miscellany, I proceed to say a few words of my own views and designs in the character which I am now entering upon.

As a Philosophical Sportsman, the reader will expect to find me in my lucubrations sometimes serious and didactic, and at other times bordering on metaphysics.—My principal design is, however, to be rationally amusing, candid and liberal in sentiment, and always to reserve an eye towards impartial truth and justice. Wherever I may assume the preceptor I mean to do it with candour, and freely state my arguments with all that energy which reason and knowledge shall dictate; always submitting my judgment to the private discussion and decision of those who have acquired a practical knowledge of such things and circumstances as have been only canvassed in the eye of reason by the philosophical sportsman. As many things appear very promising and plausible in theory, and to the mind of a philosopher, which in practice are discovered to be erroneous, and sometimes of pernicious effect, my design is to examine both sides of an argument or question, *pro* and *con*, and not to suffer my mind to be influenced and governed by those prominent features which, in some cases, thrust themselves forward, while more cogent arguments are lying almost concealed, and, as it were, modestly behind, but which, when brought forward, have the greatest right to be heard, and are to be vindicated in preference to those specious and prominent features which strike at first sight. From this impartial disquisition, and full examination, of an argument, the Philosophical Sportsman believes that he will find himself entitled to allow the sportsman an uncensured enjoyment of the sports of the field, together with every exhilirating and manly amusement, and to soften in some degree those asperities alledged against the sportsman's humanity; yet at the same time to make it his first concern to inculcate a constant attention to, and love of, genuine humanity, which is by no means incompatible with the sports of the field, M.

To be continued.

THE HUMOURS OF WHIST;

A DRAMATIC SATIRE.

Continued from page 146.

SCENE—Alderman Jobber's House.

Enter Alderman.

Ald. SINCE this new Treatise on Whist has been made public, there is no business followed with half so much application. It is become the oracle of our coffee-houses, and is taught or studied in all our families. But I'll break the neck on't in mine, I'm resolv'd. Here—Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv.—Sir.

Ald.—Whenever that Professor, as they call him, comes here again, let me know.

Serv.—He's here now, please your Worship.

Ald.—Is he so? then I'll tell him a piece of my mind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to another Room.

Enter Professor and Young Jobber.

Y. Job.—Dear Mr. Professor, I can never repay you.—You have given me such an insight by this visit, I am quite another thing—I find I knew nothing of the game before; though I can assure you, I have been reckoned a first-rate player in the city a good while—nay, for that matter, I make no bad figure at the Crown—and don't despair, by your assistance, but to make one at White's soon.

Prof.—You may depend upon all in my power, Sir.

Y. Job.—Yes—I must own I am vastly ambitious of making one at White's. Do you think I ever shall, Mr. Professor?

Prof.—I pronounce you already sufficient, Sir!

Y. Job. —How you transport me!

Prof.—Of all my pupils, I don't know any more promising than yourself and Lord Slim.

Y. Job.—Lord Slim! Does his Lordship take a lesson?

Prof.—O yes, Sir—and Lord Tallman too.

Y. Job.—Lord Tallman too?

Prof.—Yes—for though he does not play the game ill enough to lose, he is not master of playing well enough to win—Every on you know, Sir, likes to win.

Y. Job.—Very true, Sir.

Prof.—Whereas his Grace——

Y. Job.—His Grace? ha, h ha! Is his Grace one of us too?

Prof.—Yes, Sir—he does me t honour to receive my instructio but from a different principle ag —he has been bubbled out of la sums by playing the game ill, a is now in hopes to win them ba by playing it better; and I do doubt very soon of being able gratify his Grace's ambition to with some of our first-rate playe and by that means put his Grace a condition to lick himself wh again.

Y. Job.—What a public-spirit man you are! the nation has r son to bless you—you'll be the s ing and getting of many a fair f tune.——Pox! here's my fath now to interrupt us. I'm terrifi to death—he'll certainly say so shocking thing or other—'Tis strange thing a young fellow ca have a polite taste, but these old fathers will take an ill-natured pleasure in thwarting it.

Enter Alderman.

Ald.—I have heard, Sir, of the pains you have been taking to instruct my son in the noble mystery of gaming; but as it is a science not

not quite so reputable for a citizen, being destructive to the meanest, and may be so the greatest, I must beg you to desist your visits for the future.

Prof.—O, Sir—there was no necessity for this abruptness—I shall certainly obey you—I don't want half a word—for know, Sir, it is a favour that I attend your son.

Y. Job.—O yes, Sir—— a prodigious favour.

Ald.—Favour, blockhead!

Prof.—Yes, Sir, a favour; for at this instant a dozen Dukes, and as many Earls, Lords, and Ladies, are waiting for me—Nay, Sir, between you and me, they are all under tutelage at St. James's.

Ald.—Do you look upon that to be a good or a bad omen, Sir?

Prof.—People calculate differently, Sir: some one way, some another. I shall be able to give you my solution to-morrow: in the mean time, let me undeceive you, Sir. Indeed you are under very wrong notions concerning Whist. It is one of the noblest and most useful games in the universe, Sir: all good citizens ought to study it. Partnership in Whist is an emblem of partnership in trade: it shews how much depends upon good partnership; and I will venture to say, that a good whist player will make both a good partner and a good merchant. In short, Sir, I hope to see the time when Whist shall become our most darling pursuit, and have the pleasure to see the nation playing one universal game, Sundays not excepted.

Ald.—Your talking after this manner, Sir, does not give me the better idea of the game; and, for aught I know, this Treatise of your's may be a plot against our liberties, Sir.

Prof.—Ha, ha, ha! a plot against our liberties!

Ald.—Yes, Sir. Every thing that tends to the weakening our morals, is a weakener of liberty, and so far may be said to be a plot against it. Thus, by your inculcating the doctrine of Whist in a scientifical manner, it will become constitutional in our youth; and by becoming constitutional, eradicate usefuller studies; and by eradicating usefuller studies, vitiate our morals; and by vitiating our morals, open a door to the destruction of our liberties, as I said before: and therefore, Sir, as you have managed it, I look upon Whist as a very vile game.

Prof.—Vile game, Sir?

Ald.—Yes, Sir, vile game.

Prof.—Pray, what is all the world but a game if you go to that? religion, government, law, physic, are all a sort of games, and the principal end, like commerce, is to get money. They have all their chances too, like the game of war; and like commerce again, they have all their several tricks too—Ha, ha, ha!

Ald.—How, Sir! do you abuse trade to my face? I desire you, Sir, to be gone while you are well.

Y. Job.—Pray don't mind the old gentleman, Mr. Professor; he's *non compos*. Please to accept of these five pieces. My compliments to the gentlemen at White's—I'll be with them by and by.

[*Aside to Professor.*

Prof.—Your most obedient, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Ald.—Come, Sir, get you into the compting-house; it shall not be said that any one of my family encourages his pernicious book.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to White's Chocolate-house.

Discovers Lord Rally, Captain Rookwood, and Others.

Ld Ral.—A whimsical advertisement here, Captain Rookwood.

Capt. Rook.—What is it, Lord Rally?

Ld Ral.—I'll read it you.

Capt. Rook.— Your Lordship does me honour.

Ld Ral. *(reads)*—" I Jean Sabbot, marmotte-catcher to his Sardinian Majesty, having, at a great expence and labour, composed a most curious raree-show, called, The Raree-Show of England, consisting of entire new scenes, never before exhibited by any of my countrymen, representing, among others, the Genius of England dressed like the Knave of Diamonds, playing at cards with several noble and common sharpers, discovering a Spaniard at his elbow laughing at them—The King and Viceroy of Sicily taking a lesson at Whist, with the Knighthood of the Professor; and a great Lord with the gout in his hands, swathed in flannel, giving directions to another, who holds the cards for him; with several spectators in different attitudes. This is to acquaint the curious, that I intend to exhibit the same to view in a few days, and humbly hope for the encouragement of the public as usual.

" God save the King."

Capt. Rook.—Ha, ha, ha! I fancy your Lordship had a hand in drawing up this.

Ld Ral.—No—on my honour.

1st Gent.—I wonder if his Grace has seen it.

2d Gent.—His Grace should see it by all means. Let's shew it him. He's at play within.

[*Exeunt two Gen.*

Enter Lord Bubbleboy.

Capt. Rook.—My Lord Bubbleboy, your most obedient.

Ld Bubble.—Dear Captain, your's; we meet most opportunely. Are you in a humour to put some thousands in your pocket to-day? Young Jobber is to be here. The Bank's upon him. The Professor has just given us the hint.

Capt. Rook.—I'm obliged to him; but faith I grow sick of the lay. I am engrossed by more agreeable pursuits at present.

Ld Bubble.—That is, you are grown as keen after a fair young Whist-player, as you used to be after a young heir, or as I may continue to be after a raw booby in the game.

Capt. Rook.—Even so, my Lord. There's nothing like playing, when a fine woman's at stake. To see the green purse exhausted, and the glittering ornamentals all gone, or mortgaged; to see her palpitations, the perplexities and little distresses she is under, gives infinite satisfaction; but to lend her a sum, and then win it back again; lend her again, and win it again; and afterwards forgive her the whole, on certain good-natured grateful condescensions, is rapture inexpressible. And so, my Lord, you must excuse me, if I fly to my engagement at Lady Tenace's.

Ld Bubble.—With Arabella, I guess.—Success attend you.

[*Goes in.*

Capt. Rook.—I need not wish it your Lordship. [*Exit.*

Enter Professor.

Gent.—Mr. Professor, your servant. I have been just perusing your admirable Treatise on Whist, and pronounce it the best wrote thing extant.

Ld Ral.—Beyond all comparison. It

It is quite a science as you have handled it, Mr. Professor. You must have spent many years doubtless in compiling so elaborate a work.

Prof.—Some forty years of close observation, my Lord, has made it what it is; and though little, I will venture to say, it contains more mathematical learning than larger volumes.

Ld Ral.—Egregious vanity! I'll mortify him a little *(aside)*.—Mathematical learning, say you, Professor?

Prof.—Yes, my Lord: calculation is all in all in the game at Whist; and without it, a man will eternally be a novice.

Ld Ral.—Then I'm afraid I shall be of that number, Professor; for, to deal frankly, I verily believe I should be as long in making myself master of the calculations and all the rules in your book, as you were in compiling it. And the question is, whether it would be worth a man's while to waste half his life in the attempt?

Prof.—Your Lordship is pleased to be facetious, as if I was an utter stranger to your Lordship's bright capacity.

Ld Ral.—Well, but pray where's the mathematical learning of trumping out to make your partner last player! This may be demonstration at Whist, but is a palpable blunder in common experience: and I fancy too, with ace, king, and four trumps, I should be able to fetch the trumps out, though you asserted ever so roundly the contrary.

Prof.—Your Lordship has laid your finger on the only *errata* in my book. Both errors of the press I do assure your Lordship, which I will take care to see corrected in the next edition. As to the rest, I think there is no proposition in Euclid so self-evident as this, that he who is a good *Whist-player*, would equally make a *good politician.*

Ld Ral.—Ha, ha, ha! I take it for granted then, our great men at the helm are all players of the first rate?

Prof.—That's an ensnaring question, my Lord, which I must beg to excuse answering; but so much I will venture to say, that the late minister has calculated very well for himself, and the new ones very finely for the nation. And further, without reflection on any body, I think you may justly rank your first-rate players with first Ministers of State, Secretaries, Generals, and Admirals in Chief. Your second-rate players would shine at an Admiralty Board. Your third-rate players might very well preside o'er the Customs and Excise. All beyond would make very good Bishops and great Officers of the Crown.

Ld Ral.—Ha, ha, ha! Pray oblige us, Professor, with your remarks on other games, since you make such shrewd ones on this.

Prof.—Your Lordship may command me. In the first place, Chess, it must be owned, is a very wise game, but, like wisdom at the bottom of a well, as supposed by some philosopher, rather too deep for any solid use; it is well-enough adapted to the patience of the Chinese, who can sit cross-legged for years together. Every game, my Lord, bears some analogy to the genius of the people of the country where it prevails.

Ld Ral.—I have read so.

Prof.—Nothing so plain. There's Ombre and Quadrille; they are light and superficial, partaking of the humour of their airy inventors, the

the French. Picquet, indeed, has more of solidity; and I would recommend it as a perfect emblem of French faith, which sacrifices every thing to its interest, by adhering to or departing from treaties, as they happen to clash or coincide with her present views; and this I think is plainly exemplified in keeping in, or discarding, such cards as suit, or do not suit, with your present purpose.—As to English games, All-Fours is a very sneaking game, that I could wish were abolished; it inculcates a very scandalous moral, by begging a favour of one you are often in a condition to grant it to; than which nothing is so mean and villainous. Cribbage is rather too vulgar to be mentioned, though there you have your sequences, and pretty tolerable calculations, which are admirably well suited to the lower class of people, by teaching them to reckon as fast as I have seen them score up at a fair. Putt, again, is a daring impudent game, apt to inspire false bravery, which by no means ought to be encouraged; and Brag too is liable to give much the same turn to the mind; but this game, by the by, I take to be of Irish manufacture. Now Whist, my Lord, is the only genuine old English game, which shews the genius of the nation as to its understanding as much as *Chevy Chace*, or *Britons Strike Home*, do as to its music. Our solidity is shewn in the gravity observed in playing the game; our judgment is shewn in playing it well; and the choice we make of partners affords a fine lesson to our statesmen never to go to war without good allies; for a king, my Lord, can no more hope to be successful abroad without good allies, than a man can hope to win at Whist without a good partner—*Verbum sat*—ha, ha!

Ld Ral.—There you have them, indeed, Professor, That's a keen stroke upon somebody. But pray, Mr. Professor, when do you oblige us with your *Artificial Memory?* I think your Treatise imperfect without it.

Prof.—Doubtless, my Lord.

Ld Ral.—And in my opinion, Professor, there is still something wanting to complete the System of Whist; and that is (if I may recommend a subject when you have rid your hands of your Treatise on Memory) A Dissertation on the Lucky Chair.—*(Company laugh.)*

Prof.—Ha, ha, ha! Your Lordship's hint is excellent—I'm obliged to you for it.

Ld Ral.—You are very welcome to it.—And really, I think, when you have compassed these grand points, the least that can be done is some public mark of honour for your good services to the public.—Believe me, as honours go, you will very well deserve a title.

Prof.—I would not be vain, my Lord; but the card-makers have already complimented me on the increase of their trade, occasioned by my book, which of course increases the revenue; and, as your Lordship justly observes, several have had titles conferred with less pretensions.—At least, my Lord, I hope I may be entitled to a pension.

Ld Ral.—As you say, there's more solidity in that than an empty title. You calculate well, Professor.

Enter a Beau.

Beau.—Ha, ha, ha! I shall die, Lord Rally.

Ld Ral.—What's the matter?

Beau. — Insolence humbled!—Vanity mortified to the last degree.

Ld Ral.—As how?

Beau.

Beau.—Yonder's Lord Finesse and Sir George Tenace, two first-rate players; they have been most lavishly beat by a couple of 'prentices. Ha, ha, ha! they came slap four by honours upon them almost every deal.

Ld Ral.—I find, Professor, your book does not teach how to beat four by honours. Ha, ha, ha!

Prof.—Curse them! I'd rather have given a thousand pounds than this should have happened. It strikes at the reputation of my Treatise. [*Aside.*

Beau.—Never were creatures so galled, my Lord.—They frowned, they fumed, they stamped, they tore the cards. They were in such a fermentation, egad had they seen how they distorted their poor features, it would make them forswear cards.

Ld Ral.—Were there any more parties won and lost, Sir William?

Beau.—O gad, yes, my Lord. I have not known a series of such pleasant incidents in one day. His Grace and Lord Slim, notwithstanding the assurance given them by the Professor, that they might boldly play with the ablest, are both stript, faith, by Lurchum and Shuffle; but being discovered making signs to one another, they were forced to refund, and afterwards the rascals were kicked out, as they deserved—ha, ha, ha! and egad, the Laureat too, poor devil! has lost his butt of sack with Lord Tallman. And Lord Bubbleboy has left Young Jobber blubbering and sobbing as if his heart would break.—Ha, ha, ha! But I must say his Lordship won by dint of good play. He played like an angel. He has gained immortal honour. 'Twas Finesse after Finesse, Tenace after Tenace. Egad, I would give three parts in four of my estate to be as great a master of the game as his Lordship.

Enter Sir John Medium and Cocao.

Sir John.—My Lords, I desire you'll give honest Cocao your attention a moment, to the most scandalous affair I ever heard, and greatly unworthy of a gentleman, who has the honour to converse with many of your Lordships.

Cocao.—I am very sorry, my Lords, to appear in the light of an informer before you, against any one that frequents this house; but I hope my good intentions will hold me blameless, and that you will not have the worse opinion of me for what I do. Certainly it is my duty, as the master, to detect any fraud committed under my roof; otherwise I should look on myself as little better than an accomplice in it. Your Lordships need not be told how great a sufferer young Mr. Stakeland has been of late, in his play with Sir John Tricklad and Mr. Tiercenick. I had for some time suspected them of foul practices, and being resolved to be satisfied, I am now ready to make oath, that old Sweetner, partner to Mr. Stakeland, used not only to trim the cards, so as to put it in the adversary's power to cut honours every deal, but likewise designedly committed the grossest mistakes himself in the course of play.

Company.—Shocking!

Cocao.—By which means, my Lord, the poor gentleman has been bubbled of large sums, and to complete his misfortune, has just lost the reversion of his paternal inheritance, made over to them by proper deeds and conveyances.

Comp.—Abominable!

Cocao.—They would have made a collection for him to console him under

under his loss, but he refused it with a noble spirit of disdain, and they hurried away with a precipitation that plainly shewed their guilt.—I humbly entreat your Lordships' advice how to act on this occasion.

Sir John.—Lord Rally, you are a relation.

Ld Ral.—'Tis a most infamous imposition, and cannot be too much exposed. But I would not have Cocao divulge any thing of this to Young Stakeland, if he has not already.

Cocao.—I have not, my Lord.

Ld Ral.—So much the better; I'll take care to inform his father, that he may take his measures.—Hush! here he comes.

Enter Sir Calculation and Young Stakeland.

Sir Cal.—Come, come, never be discouraged, Stakeland—you have but shared the fate of thousands before you.—Pox! have not I lost my money as well as you the reversion of your estate.

Ld Ral.—The reversion of your estate, Mr. Stakeland! I do not wonder you are so pensive. It will require all the philosophy of a stoick to reconcile yourself to the loss of fortune, parents, friends, and be insensible to the numberless insults you must expect to be exposed to from the unpitying world.

Y. Stakeland.—Dear Lord Rally, leave me to the stings within my own breast, and do not overwhelm me with your Lordship's keen, though too just reproaches.

Sir Cal.—Nay, hang it, be not too severe, my Lord, I can assure you he has nothing to accuse himself of. Upon my soul he played admirably well for all that. But what will you have, my Lord, luck was against us.

Ld Ral.—Was you in the game, Sir Calculation?

Sir Cal.—Only a better, my Lord—an humble better. Let me see—they were 8 to 9 of the game.

Ld Ral.—Who, pray?

Sir Cal.—Why, Sir John and Tiercenick—The odds for 8 is about 3 and a half in the hundred against 9; but plague of my treacherous memory—I not happening to remember whether it was with, or against the deal, I laid with as many as would take me up, in favour of nine, and egad lost my fifteen hundred. My Lords, your most obedient,—Sir John, shall I set you down?

Sir John.—With all my heart.

[*Exit with Cal.*

Ld Ral. Mr. Stakeland, you go with me.

Y. Stakeland.—I wait upon your Lordship.

Ld Ral.—Gentlemen, your's.

[*Exeunt.*

(Company breaks up, and Scene closes.)

To be continued.

METHODISTICAL DIVERTISSEMENTS.

LOVE FEASTS—SCRIPTURE CARDS—BIBLIOMANCY, OR RELIGIOUS FORTUNE TELLING—A THEOLOGICAL HUNT, &c. &c.

From A Portraiture of Methodism, being an Impartial Review of the Rise, Progress, Doctrines, Discipline, and Manners of the Wesleyan Methodists:—In a Series of Letters, addressed to a Lady.—By JOSEPH NIGHTINGALE.

FROM this copious volume just issued from the press, probably some of our readers may start, as not at first conceiving what connection

nection there is between this and the pursuits of a man of pleasure; the answer to this objection is, that the rational sportsman, and the man of enterprise, may be as much delighted with some modes of pursuing life, as with others in pursuing game. They will probably recollect an old convivial song, founded upon fact and experience, beginning with

> "Mankind are all hunters in various degrees,
> The Priest hunts a living, the Lawyer his fees,
> The Doctor a patient, the Courtier a place, &c."

But let it suffice to say, that the work before us is replete with humour and entertainment. It is no every-day publication. The manners of the people who are treated upon, seem to be drawn according to the standard of strict truth, and with the least possible deviation from the line of impartiality; therefore as it it does not flatter the Methodists, it will most certainly displease the bulk of their body; however, the public, the learned, and the intelligent, must and will be amused. The Author has not only availed himself of the best publications that could have enabled him to complete his task fully and faithfully, but as he has been himself a preacher among the Methodists, he makes no scruple of having disclosed the

> "Secrets of the prison house."

As to what more particularly relates to "the internal economy of this sect, and the several peculiar customs and modes of expression and action which they have adopted," he justly observes, he "has been able to produce much original and interesting information; original at least to the public at large; and, I may add, even to numbers of Methodists themselves."

To give a more complete specimen of the author's style and manner, we shall refer the reader to Letter XXI, page 203, where he describes, the Agapæ, or Love Feasts.

"These meetings are kept, in most places, once every quarter; viz. the Sunday immediately following what the Methodists call Quarter-day, of which I shall give you some account by and by.

"After the regular public service is ended, and the whole congregation is dismissed, when it is intended that a love-feast should be kept, the members return into the chapel; having shewn their certificates, or notes of admission, to some persons appointed for that purpose, who stand at the door.

"The preacher being still in the pulpit, opens the service by singing and prayer; which being ended, every one sits down, while the *stewards* hand to all present a little plain, or spiced, bread and water. It was originally the practice literally to *break bread* with each other; but much confusion and disturbance throughout the whole assembly being thereby occasioned, that practice is now prohibited by positive command of conference. It would very often happen, that a person might have a particular attachment to some brother or sister who might be seated several pews distant; and when an attempt was made to manifest this attachment by breaking bread with the favourite, the noise and trouble of scrambling over the backs of the seats, or of pressing through the aisle, not only retarded the more important business of the love-feast, but gave considerable offence to those who had either more modesty

or less violent and impatient prepossessions. It was therefore a prudent step to prohibit that species of *breaking of bread;* and I believe that disorderly practice is now entirely laid aside.

"After the ceremony of carnal feasting is ended, another hymn is usually sung, during which the stewards are handing the plate round, for the purpose of collecting what every one is disposed to give for the relief of the poor members. I have known, that where the society's finances have been in a low state, the love-feast money has been put into the general stock. This, however, I believe, is not a very common practice; and was not resorted to at all in the days of primitive Methodism,

"After this the preacher rises, and relates his *experience* to the whole congregation. He usually begins, more especially if he is but lately come among them, with the first *drawing of the Spirit* on his mind. He tells how long, and sometimes in what instances, he resisted those gracious strivings. He relates any remarkable deliverances, and extraordinary interpositions of Providence, which he may at any period of his life have experienced. He tells how his eyes were first opened to the truth—who was the happy instrument of his conviction —how, when, and where he found the pardon of his sins—what have been his trials, backslidings, persecutions, and comforts, since he first *knew the Lord*—how his labours in the vineyard of Christ have been crowned with success, or hindered by opposition—and, lastly, what he then feels of a spiritual nature going forward in his soul, with his fixed resolution to spend and be spent in so good a cause.

"While the preacher is thus engaged, sighs, groans, devout aspirations, and even audible ejaculations of prayer or praise, are issuing from the audience in every direction; who are of course more or less impressed, as the experience of the preacher may happen to be more or less wonderful, uncommon, or striking. I have often noticed, that some appropriate anecdote, or smart saying, produces the most sensible and visible effect. This effect, however, has not been so permanent as when the preacher has related some of the *deep things of God*—the secrets of the Almighty.

The preacher having concluded his harangue, if no other person rises immediately, a stanza or two is sung, to inspire their minds with due fervour and becoming confidence.

"During the time of singing, the Methodists are uniformly in a standing posture. They now sit down; and, after a few moments of "expressive silence," some one rises to tell what the Lord has done for *his* soul. The same routine of striving, resistance, yielding, conviction, conversion, trials, temptations, present feelings, and future resolutions, is pursued; varying only in those circumstances which the accidental differences of condition in life may have occasioned.

"During this meeting, which usually lasts about two hours, numerous *experiences* are related, both by men and women.

"I have often been exceedingly pained, on observing the resisting bashfulness, and the evident signs of inward agitation, which some of the younger part of the females have betrayed, just before they have risen to speak. It is thought by many well-meaning Methodists, that not to tell their experiences on these occasions, is to quench the Spirit of God in their hearts, if it be

not

not even a tacit denial of Christ himself."

"It will frequently happen, during a love-feast, if the presiding preacher is either a more than commonly wise and prudent man; if he is old and nerveless, or careless and lukewarm; that the business of the meeting will for a time, like the wheelless chariots of Pharaoh, move on heavily. In this case, recourse is always had to the fascinating and invigorating power of vocal music.

"Love-feasts are always well attended. Public notice having been previously given, the country people flock in crowds to these meetings. Although they are intended for the regular members only, yet vast numbers of well-disposed strangers gain admittance, by procuring notes for that purpose from the preacher, on being recommended by a member. It consequently happens, that numerous conversions take place on these occasions. When the *speaking* is concluded, several of the people go to prayer, one after another, or all at once, as the preacher may be well or ill disposed to favour a little spiritual romping, and holy confusion. Many of the preachers, however, of the present day, having drunk a little into the spirit of the world, that is, having become ashamed of the conduct of some of their brethren who have encouraged noisy meeting, are led to deprive their people of their Christian liberty, and consequently to check all extravagancies of this nature whenever they perceive them beginning to break out. This cannot, however, be said of all the Methodist preachers even of the present time. I know some who would rather attend a meeting of enthusiastic bawlers than peaceably to enjoy the marrow and fat things of this vain world.

"I must not, however, forget to tell you, that when two or more persons rise to tell their experience, at one and the same time, the preacher, like the Right Honourable Speaker in the House of Commons, rises to put them to rights, and to say who is to have the precedence."

"Permit me, Madam, here to protest against the very illiberal reflection of Mr. Fellowes, who, in his 'Religion without Cant,' asserts, that, 'In the agapæ of the fanatics (alluding, I suppose to the Methodists,) desire is often indulged without restraint, because it is thought to contribute to the perfecting of the saints in love.' If Mr. Fellowes, by this indecent reflection, does really mean to insinuate, that any thing of a licentious nature is permitted at a Methodist love-feast, I would recommend it to him, before he ventures another censure of this nature, to make himself a little better acquainted with his subject."

Many of our readers, though perhaps occasionally card-players, have probably never heard of scripture cards—of Bibliomancy, &c. Mr. N.'s forty-first letter on these subjects is particularly entertaining.

"In the Encyclopædia Perthensis, it is observed, 'the Methodists have long practised Bibliomancy, with regard to the future state of their souls; but that some of their members having been driven to despair, by texts occurring to them, that threatened the most awful judgments, their late pastor, Mr. Wesley, to prevent such fatal consequences from recurring, improved upon the system of *sacred lottery*,

lottery, by printing several packs of cards with a variety of texts, containing nothing but the most comfortable promises: and thus his disciples drew with courage and comfort, in a lottery where there were various *prizes*, great and small, but no *blanks*.' This statement is not, I believe, exactly correct.

"The manner in which Bibliomancy is practised among the Methodists is as follows: At a religious gossiping, when the tea-board is removed, the subjects of pious scandal are nearly exhausted, and religious chit-chat grows languid, it is not unusual, after *a word of prayer*, to introduce the Bible, as a kind of auxiliary, to the fading energy of evangelical conversation, as well as to secure obedience to the sacred command, to have all their words "mixt with grace." The company being placed in proper order, one of them takes the Bible, and asks the next person near her, (for this practice is mostly prevalent among the sisterhood) which text she will fix upon as the object of her present choice. It is answered by naming some particular number, and applying it to the corresponding text on either the right or left page of the book, whichever the party may think proper to adopt. The Bible is then opened, with great solemnity, and every heart is engaged for the success of the enterprise. The all-important verse is then read aloud, which is immediately followed by such ejaculations of prayer or praise as the text chosen may happen to suggest! This ceremony is performed for the benefit of every individual in succession, who chooses to risk her peace of mind on the event of so solemn a lottery."

"The practice of choosing texts naturally introduced that of choosing stanzas out of the hymn-book for the same pious purposes. Mr. C. Wesley's scripture hymns are often used on those occasions. It is known among some of the Methodists, that a preacher, now living, was indebted to the choice of a verse for a very amiable and rich wife. The case was this: Mr. R. a travelling preacher, having recently lost his wife, was one day employed with a lady or two, in *choosing verses*. 'And pray, sister R.,' said he, 'what verse do you make choice of?' A certain number was given, and the text proved to be "Where thou lodgest there will I lodge, &c.!' The hint was good, and a visit to the shrine of Hymen was the happy consequence! It would be well if all the *prizes* in these sacred lotteries were equally valuable. The lady, who was a most excellent wife, and a sincere Christian, died a few years ago; but her worthy survivor is now too old to venture his fortune again in so precarious a manner.

"The practice of religious card-playing is now seldom used among the Methodists; and I believe the *scripture cards* are *out of print*; a few copies are, nevertheless, still extant; and are sometimes resorted to in a manner similar to that of text and stanza choosing.

"The cards are very small ones, with a text of scripture printed on one side, and the same, in a poetical paraphrase, on the other. I have seen several *packs* of these 'religious trifles,' and have often witnessed their use and effects with no small degree of pain."

Mr. N. then proceeds to a narrative of what he terms *Religious Hunting*, carried on by some pious smokers of tobacco—This is a mode of making proselytes.

To be continued.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

A Traveller was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham, and the *left* leg of a goose. "Pray, Sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a *left* leg?"—"Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg which is *left*!"

An old woman, who lives in North Shields, lately addressed a person of that place to the following purport:—"Mr. B. this is a sad story of the Church being in danger."—"It would indeed be a sad story, Nanny, but I hope there is no truth in it."—"Nay, it *must* be true," says Nanny, "for there are bills about it all over the town. And yet it's very odd, *for you know, Mr. B. our church is a new church; it is not yet twenty years old.*"

At a subscription recently set on foot in the different parish churches for the repairs of a church in Westmorland, the expences in collecting the subscription amounted to 70l. *more than the subscription itself,* in which sum the parish was consequently *minus.*

A pickpocket, who had been *ducked* for his mal-practices, accounted to his Brethren for the derangement in his appearance, by coolly observing, that he had not been able to change his dress since his return from a celebrated *Watering Place!*

The *Tabbies* say, that if women were permited to sit in the Senate, they are certain that numbers would every night *pair off.*

Kilkenny Cats.—In a company, consisting of naval officers, the discourse happened to turn on the ferocity of small animals; when an Irish gentleman present stated his opinion to be, that a Kilkenny cat, of all animals, was the most ferocious; and added, "I can prove my assertion, by a fact within my own knowledge:—I once," said he, "saw two of these animals fighting in a timber yard, and willing to see the result of a long battle, I drove them into a deep saw-pit, and placing some boards over the mouth, left them to their amusement. Next morning I went to see the conclusion of the fight, and what d'ye think I saw?"—"One of the cats dead, probably," —replied one of the company.—"No by Ja—s! there was nothing left in the pit, *but the two tails and a bit of flue!*"

The late celebrated penurious Jennings, Esq. of Acton Place, who was reputed to be the richest commoner in England, *when at the age of 92,* was applied to by one of his tenants, then in the *80th year of his age,* to renew his lease for a further term of 14 years, when, after some general observations, Mr. Jennings coolly said, "*take a lease for* 21 *years, or you will be troubling*

troubling me again!!" and this was accordingly granted.

THE SPORTSMAN'S DISTRESS.

I'VE lost my friend, my dog, and wife,
Saved only horse and purse,
Yet when I think on human life,
Thank heaven 'tis no worse.

My friend was sickly, poor, and old,
Was peevish, blind, and crippled;
My wife was ugly and a scold,
I rather think she tippled.

My dog was faithful, fond, and true,
In sporting gave me pleasure;
I shou'dnt care for t'other two,
If I had sav'd this treasure.

A BARBER'S PUFF.

"MY art can lend new beauties to the face,
And spirit give to ev'ry native grace;
The magic of the mind 'tis I impart:
My skill surpasses the cosmetic art."

"The brilliant talents and acquirements of Henry J. Hassey, whose residence is at No. 12, North-street, Brighton, and whose unrivalled merits, like the blaze of a comet, throw a glory round the general prospect, which renders visible the common herd of frizeurs, are universally acknowledged; but the visibility of that herd is very evanescent, and, when seen, are no more to be regarded by the side of the grand luminary, than the constellation of smaller lights encircling the moon in full-orbed splendour. In the classical language of ancient Rome, Henry J. Hassey shines among the candidates for notoriety in his profession."

"Velut inter ignes Luna Minores."

"With me, presumptuous miscreants! do ye vie;
The brush and razor only doom'd to ply?
Or, haply, to revive the rotten locks
Of paltry caxons mounted on your blocks."

ON JEALOUSY.

TO Bedlam with him! he's not sound in mind,
Who still is seeking what he would not find.

A FISHMONGER being asked the meaning of the term *crim. con.* now unfortunately so much in use, answered, that it was the Latin for *crimped cod*, and that the law was against the doing it.

THE late Sir Boyle Roche used to say, that, because a man held *two places* under government, it proved he could be in *two places at once!*

THE following curious caution was lately posted up in a conspicuous place in North Shields:—

"Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. ——, the head of the ropery stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the Public, that he is determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding upon it at the time, to take care of themselves, lest, by some unfortunate mistake, he should shoot the wrong animal."

A MODERN Tourist says, that there are many *Wet* Nurses in *Ireland*; but that he had not heard in the whole kingdom of a *Dry* Nurse.

A CERTAIN Physician has announced that he has discovered a *cure* for *sine-cures*.

M. DUCLOS, a French Philosopher, has just published "*a Treatise for dissipating Storms!*"—He thinks it will be read by all the *Married Men in Europe.*

A COL-

A collector of the Income Tax lately called upon his neighbour for the sum levied upon him, agreeably to the Act of Parliament, which he obstinately refusing to pay, the officer took the extraordinary method of recovering it by stripping him from top to toe, leaving him to enjoy the cooling breezes of our happy climate in the dress of an African Negro.—*Chester Chronicle.*

THE LITERARY BREAKFAST.

As lately a sage on fine ham was repasting,
(Though for breakfast too sav'ry I ween)
He exclaim'd to a friend, who sat silent and fasting,
"What a breakfast of *learning* is mine!"

"A breakfast of learning!" with wonder he cry'd,
And laugh'd, for he thought him mistaken;
"Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly reply'd,
"When I'm making *large extracts from Bacon.*"

An *Irish* Elector was so delighted with a late Saturnalia, that at the conclusion, he proposed that the whole Cavalcade should *proceed back again!*

Among the many mistakes into which foreigners have been betrayed when learning the English language, the following, which recently occurred, is not the least whimsical. A young German wishing to acquire elegance as well as correctness of phrase, and not liking the meanness of the term, "*put out the candle*," was informed by his instructor, that he might say, if he chose, "*extinguish the candle.*" A few days afterwards, a dog annoyed the young foreigner very much by howling in his room, on which, turning to his servant, he ordered him "*to extinguish dat dog.*"

Wit in Humble Life.—At a late contested Election at Southson, between Mr. B. E. and Mr. G. R. a waggoner belonging to the former, accosted a servant of the latter, while driving an ox team into the town:—"Well, John, I dear ze them oxen be to be roasted for your pearty to-day, be'nt them."——"Oh, yes," answered John, "and the waggon is a gwine to be steawed for yourn."

The age of the *Puritans* was distinguished by *short* speeches in the *Senate*, and *long* graces at table. The leading features of the present are, *long* speeches, and *short* graces!

It is observable, that as often as the matrimonial *Blacksmith* of *Gretna Green* visits London, he lodges in *Fetter-lane.*

Mountain-Anecdote.--A party had lately climbed a considerable way up the usual track (Mr. Crosthwaite's) on the side of *Skiddaw*, when a gentleman, (a stranger to the rest of the company) who had given frequent *broad hints* of his being a man of *superior knowledge*, said to the guide,—"Pray, which is the *highest* part of this mountain?"—"The *top*, sir;"—replied the Guide.

A wag observed, that the Mayor of Harwich, had very properly committed a poor travelling Italian dealer in weather-glasses, &c. to the prison of that town, under the Alien Act, on a *supposition* of his being a spy!

The music of Sir Francis Burdett's procession played the tune of "We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again." Whether this alluded to the *conquest* of West-

minster, or to the *fighting* with Mr. Paull, we have not learned!

A LOTTERY Punster, the other day, hearing an acquaintance observe, that he had been long wedded to Miss Fortune, exclaimed—"Pugh! pugh!—you made a wrong choice. Try to wed yourself to *Madam* Fortune, who before the lapse of another month, can enable you, without applying to Doctors' Commons, to obtain a complete separation from *Miss* Fortune.—This was an ingenious allusion to the drawing of the late lottery.

A CORONER'S inquest was lately impannelled on the body of an unfortunate man. As it did not appear how he came by his death, the jury, after much consultation, brought in their verdict—"*Died for want of breath!*"

IN persuing the number of *Concerts* reported in the Diurnal Prints, Foreigners must conceive that we are a nation of *Harmony*; though, by way of contrast, the *Law Intelligence* now and then touches upon a *discordant string.*

A TREATISE on the Diseases of *Sheep* has been recently published by "*A. Hog!*"—The combination seems rather to be *a Bull.*

BON-MOT.—Sir John Carr, the Tourist, at a late dinner-party, was asked by Lady C. whether he had yet visited Constantinople? To which he replied, "No, Madam, and there is little occasion for my doing so; as (putting his hand upon a decanter of wine) your Ladyship may perceive that the *Sublime Porte* visits me."

THE GAME COCK DECEIVED.

THE cockpit was throng'd, and betting ran high
On Pluto, the sport of the day;
But Pluto, alas! was a cock that fought shy,
For Hector the prize bore away.
With glee dashing Ned made a spring on the stage,
When Pluto, who blood was not lacking,
Saw himself in Ned's boots, darted on them with rage,
So brilliant was Neddy's jet blacking.
Ned swore, then he laugh'd, shook his leg with the pain,
Said, "'Tis folly to be in a passion;
"Though I smart for the joke, yet I'll try it again,
"Bucks must not be out of the fashion."

SHIPS.—In our old poetry and romances we frequently read of ships superbly decorated. This was taken from real life. Froissart, speaking of the French fleet in 1387, prepared for the invasion of England under the reign of Richard the Second, says, that the ships were painted from top to bottom, glittering with gold. The ship of Lord Gay, of Tremovll, was so sumptuously garnished, that the painting and colours cost 2000 French franks, more than 222 pounds of English currency at that time (see Gratton's Chron. p. 364.) At his second expedition into France, in 1417, King Henry the Fifth was in a ship whose sails were of purple silk, most richly embroidered with gold (Speed's Chron. b. ix. p. 636, edit. 1611.) Many other instances might be brought from ancient miniatures and illuminations.

MR. B. of Higham Ferrers, who is remarkable for his great size, was dining with some friends at an Inn there one day, and the conversation turned on the corporation of the place, from which a pun was glanced at

at Mr. B. respecting *his Corporation;* but all their attempts to rouse him from his attention to the knife and fork were unvailing, till, having finished his dinner, he drew his chair a small distance from the table, at the same time exclaiming, "Now, Gentlemen, I will talk to you about the Corporation," when his immense weight broke the chair into twenty pieces, and he rolled on the floor, *Corporation and all,* to the infinite diversion of the company.

ECCENTRICITIES FROM SERMONS.

The venerable Bishop Latimer, in a sermon preached at Cambridge, in 1529, at Christmas time, from John i, 19, divided his sermon, in allusion to a pack of cards, into *four* parts, which he called diamonds, hearts, spades, and clubs; the Pope was the king of clubs, and *heartes were triumphes.—See Fox's Acts and Mar. fol. edit.* 1497, p. 1571.

Comparison.—The Christian Life, *a Game at Cards.*—"He that hath no *charity* in his *Cribbage,* must needs be *bilkt* at his last *account,* for all that faith, which he *turneth up* in his profession. The fairest way into the *city* of the text, is through the subburbs of the text before it."

This divine complains of a young practitioner in theology, who stole his sermons and printed them in his own name. What a thief!!—*See Edward Willan's Sermons, Vicar of Hoxne, Suffolk,* 1651.

From a funeral sermon preached in the last century.—Text, Genesis cv, v. 5.—"And the years of Adam were 930, and he died."

"We are met on this solemn occasion, to do our last office to a friend, to bring him to his long home, to wait on him to his bed-chamber, there to take our last leave, and good night for ever; draw to the curtains, and put out the lights.—It cannot be expected I should say any thing of the deceased; being a stranger, I know nothing of his conversation, nothing of his life; but this I know, he was a son of Adam; he has followed his forefather as we must all do him—' *and he died.'—Humphreys' Serm. page* 191.

THE POOR POET TO HIS CAT.

TABBY, methinks thou much resemblest me,
In musing posture, as beside the fire
Thou sit'st. And now pray let me question thee,
What sorrows, or what whims, thy breast inspire?

Hast thou a kitten, querulous for food;
Or dwells thy thought upon some absent rover,
Who spends the night, (O base ingratitude!)
Regardless of thy charms, with some new lover?

Or does the nibbling of that hungry mouse,
Behind the wainscot, draw thy deep attention,
And art thou planning, guardian of the house!
Sage methods for the prowler's apprehension?
Whate'er thy grievances, they're but ideal,
Whilst mine, alas! are palpable and real.

At the Archbishop of Canterbury's late grand dinner, his Grace asked Lord Erskine, if his Lordship chose any *quail?* His Lordship declined it; on which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales said, "Well, Erskine, I find it is with you as with many others—*Non sum* qual-*is eram.*"

The Limerick Journal observes, that the best mode to *prevent* schoolboys from being drowned, is to take care that they be not *suffered to go into the water.*

 SPE-

SPECIMENS
OF
LIVING IN STYLE.

THE PEER imagines he *does things in style*, by paying all debts of honour, and few honourable debts—by being liberal in a public subscription to a person he never saw, and harsh and uncomplying to a private supplicant—by keeping a stud of racers, a string of hunters, and a pack of hounds—by leaving his phaeton near the door of a courtezan, that he may have the credit of an intrigue with a meretricious Miss —— in using an optical glass for personal inspection, though he could ascertain the horison without any—in counteracting nature and virtue in all his prejudices—in calculating the lives in the red-book, and watching the importation of *figurantes* from the continent—in making ethics and physics destroy each other—in asserting that a man of fashion is an animal privileged above retribution, and amenable only to himself, now and for ever more.

The PEERESS thinks that *living in style* consists in breakfasting at three o'clock in the afternoon, dining at eight, playing at cards till four in the morning, supping at five, and going to her dormitory at six!—to have a bidet in warm weather, and green pease in January—in making half a curtesy at the creed, and a whole curtesy to a scoundrel—in wearing a six months' pad, tacitly reflective on her Lord's powers—and emptying a show-glass at Gray's, to dazzle rural gentility!—in giving fifty pounds to an exotic capon for a pit ticket, and treating the claims of a native actor with scorn—to seem ignorant of the laws of morality, and lisp to accomplish singularity—to laugh when she should weep, and weep when she should be merry.—to leave her cards of compliment with her intimates, and yet wish half of them extinguished in the same instant—to name the community with disrespect, and think religion a bore.

The gay PEERLING, who is barely entitled to the honours and immunities of manhood, thinks that he does things *in style* in raising immense sums on *post-obit* bonds at the moderate interest of forty per cent.—in queering the parson at his father's table, and thumbing his maiden aunt's prayer-book at the article of matrimony—in being insolent and noisy when he has some roaring bullies at his elbow, but meek and dastardly when alone!—buying a phaeton at Hatchett's as high as Pompey's pillar, and half a dozen bays at Tattersall's—to these he adds the society of a *tonish impure*, who publicly exhausts his treasures, and privately laughs at his follies.

The SPRIG of FASHION, *to sport his consequence in style*, is insolent and noisy as a loiterer in Bond-street, or as a lobby lounger at the play-house, which he conspicuously enters when the performance is near concluded. Dresses like a groom—walks arm in arm with a sneering jockey or a professed pugilist, or drives a brother puppy in a dog-cart; and thus accoutred and accompanied he dashes through Piccadilly, Hyde Park, &c. amidst the contumelies of the coxcomical, and the sighs of the worthy.

The gaudy PAPHIAN believes that being *stylish* is evinced by her being bedizzened like a French doll, and beplumed like a bird of Paradise—in thinking all labour derogatory

derogatory, though newly allured by vice from a milliner's counter—in taking her coffee at the Theatre in public, and her supper at the Bedford; in a sedulous imitation of Fanny Hill, and pampering some low rascal in a corner with the wages of her iniquity—in buying her shoes from *Taylor*, her manteaus from *Hoffman*, and her caps from *Beauvais*—in parading the metropolis in white satin slippers after a shower, and riding when the air is serene and exhilirating.—Hapless inconstant! thus is she deluded, and thus ingulphed, till the bright scene changes and the skies lour—the dies of fortune are eventually unpropitious; she throws again and again without a main—the horrid connexion is formed between her animal spirits and her empty purse—she is detected with her illicit paramour, discarded by her witless keeper, and cast into a prison by a clamorous creditor—there she becomes wretched, ragged, and diseased—is belched from its foul confines by an act of insolvency—turns erratic prowler for the appetites of the bestial, and finally perishes with a sentiment of blasphemy, in an inclement night, beneath a bulk, unpitied and unknown.

The dapper and smirking MERCHANT, from the purlieus of the Royal Exchange, (whose father had amassed a competence by the rigid observance of the laws of economy, and who transmitted his property, though not his prudence, to his son) thinks it incumbent on him, as a stylish lad of spirit, to buy a *bit of blood*, keep his gig, his girl, and his lodgings, on the skirts of Epping Forest; and, as his keeping his gig and his girl would afford him but a restricted pleasure, unless all the world saw them, he makes it a uniform practice to take *Bet*, as he familiarly calls her, to all fairs, reviews, camps, Epping hunt, and the races at Epsom, Ascotheath, Egham, &c.; and though all this racing must eventually lead him to an unenviable place in the Gazette, he blindly rejoices in the progress and acceleration of his ruin, and clapping his arms a-kimbo, the miserable insect laughs, sings, swears, and vociferates—*Is'nt this doing it in style, hey, damme!*

The ALDERMAN'S LADY thinks that living in style consists in teazing her husband to take a house in Portman-square, and bidding adieu to St. Mary Axe for ever—in *cutting* her city acquaintance, except at the city gala on the 9th of November—in being invited to the rout of a Countess, where she is exhibited as a *quiz*, or *broad butt*, to the gigglers—in being pilfered of hundreds of an evening at the card table by some beggarly thieves of quality, and even thinking herself honoured by the depredator—in always being endured, but never enjoyed—in bursting from the effluvia of train-oil, salt cod, and oroonoko, to a modern cabinet decorated with the amours of Adonis, and perfumed with Warren's best odours: from the filthy floor of a dark counting-house, to the pressure of a superb carpet, woven in the looms of Turkey—in buying Olympian dew, to remove freckles—in going to the Italian Opera, without ears and understanding—in talking loud at the play-house, and eating ice in July.

The TRADESMAN'S WIFE thinks *living in style* is evident by going in the winter to a masquerade at the Pantheon, and in summer to *Foxhall* on a gala night—in having her daughters taught French and fillagree—in dancing a *minivet* at Pewterer's-hall—in having a good *sitevation*

situation in the green boxes—in going out on a Sunday in a glass coach—in engaging card-parties in Lent, and drinking gunpowder-tea.

The Butcher's Rib thinks that *living in style* is manifested in putting on her best bib and tucker on holidays—in making her conjugal Strephon wear a *queue* instead of a *jasy*—in playing a rubber at *whisk* at the Whitechapel Assembly—in being stewed in a Margate hoy in the dog-days—in turning up her nose at a notable housewife—in going to Greenwich at Easter—in being sworn at Highgate—in giving coniac and raspberries to her intimates, and eating sweetbreads every killing-day.

The Green Grocer from St. Giles's, who derived his important being from the auspicious efforts of a link-boy and a barrow-woman, cannot think of descending to the grave without being *stylish*, and participating in the *helegant* amusements of the age; but, as it has been settled by our forefathers that there is no quarrelling about *taste*, perhaps we should not affect surprise when different individuals vary in their ideas upon the theme. —This gentleman thinks it supreme felicity to procure a light cart, drawn by a raw-boned blind poney, or a long-eared herald of foul weather, vulgarly denominated a *donkey*: into this vehicle he conveys three chairs, some geneva, hung beef, tobacco, pipes, and a tinder-box, and then mounting, with his favourite doxy and sandman Joe, drives rapidly to a boxing-match, an ass-race, or a bull-bait, at Ball's-pond, Tothill-fields, or Bow-common, where, after the sports are ended, the blissful group take their *mastication*, their *whet*, and their *whiff*, chaunt a flash song, tip a Rowland for an Oliver, and then return in triumph as proud as Cæsar laurelled, fumigating the element with mundungus. Yet this is what he calls *doing the thing in style*.

> "Thus the world wags, and ev'ry new-born year
> "Produces sights more monstrous than the last."

CRIM. CON. TRIALS.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JUNE 27.

Knight *v.* Walcott *alias* Peter Pindar.

THIS was an action to recover damages for criminal intercourse with the plaintiff's wife.

The defendant, a man of seventy years of age, known in his works by the title of Peter Pindar, resided in the second floor of a house kept by the plaintiff at Camden Town (whose wife was a sprightly playful woman, 25 years of age), a Naval Officer. According to the evidence adduced on the trial by Mrs. Dyke, and other witnesses, Mrs. Knight seemed to have formed an attachment to the gallant gay Lothario, which increased so much, that her habiliments were often noticed to have been disordered after she had left his room. This was positively sworn to by the witnesses; and to give weight to their testimony, they one and all declared, that they had watched Mrs. Knight into the defendant's room, and she often came out with her habit-shirt rumpled; and in one instance, her bosom was entirely exposed. One of the witnesses swore he heard Mrs. Knight in the defendant's bed-room one evening, and it was his full belief they were in bed together. There were several other farcical facts

sworn

sworn to by these witnesses, which threw the Court into bursts of laughter. Upon the whole, however, there was a good deal of inconsistency in the evidence.

Mr. Parke, in addressing the Jury for the defendant, said, that he did so with more than ordinary zeal against so foul a conspiracy. The Jury would have no hesitation in seeing through it, and finding their verdict accordingly. Dr. Walcot, the Learned Counsel contended, was an infirm old man, and very poor, for his writings had never been productive to him. He was in a state of infirmity, and required a nurse to undress and put him to bed. Mrs. Knight had often assisted in undressing him, and in holding warm bottles to his feet after he was in bed, the servant of the house having at that time left. The Doctor had his share of spirits, and he used to talk about half-instructed actors.—Mrs. Knight had some notion of Thespian fame, and the Doctor was invited to make use of her floor, and instruct her in recitations.—At the time of Mrs. Knight's bosom being exposed, the Learned Counsel said, she had just been acting *Euphrasia*, in the *Grecian Daughter*. Mr. Parke concluded, by cautioning the Jury not to give credit to the witnesses.

Lord Ellenborough shortly summed up the case, in which he observed there was a great deal of improbability; and the Jury, without hesitation, found a verdict for the defendant.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, GUILDHALL, JULY 8.

Williams *v.* Hodgson.

THIS was an action for criminal conversation between the defendant and plaintiff's wife. The plaintiff and defendant are wine and liquor merchants in the city. The plaintiff is about thirty-four years of age, and his wife about two or three years younger—they were married a year ago. She comes from Cheshire—the families of husband and wife living in adjoining townships.

Mr. Garrow opened the plaintiff's case, and stated, that the plaintiff and his wife had lived together on the very best terms until she had the misfortune of becoming acquainted with the defendant; but soon after that, disputes arose between them, and he had no doubt that would be aggravated on the other side, for it too often happened, that after a lady had committed this offence, she assisted her paramour with every thing she could to defend him against the complaint for his misconduct, and this was done by stating the bickerings and disputes that had taken place between her and her husband. The plaintiff in this case, from his situation, was under the necessity of being occasionally in the country; and to be absent from London for more than a month at a time: upon this occasion, namely, on Shrove Tuesday last, he was unavoidably absent. The defendant called at the plaintiff's house at eleven o'clock at night, and asked for Mr. Williams. He was told Mr. Williams was not at home. He then asked for Mrs. Williams; at first he was told by one of the servants she believed her mistress was gone to bed—however, on making further inquiry, it was found that she was not, but that she was sitting in her dining-room; and then the defendant was introduced to her. After that the two servant maids, the cook and the housemaid, re-

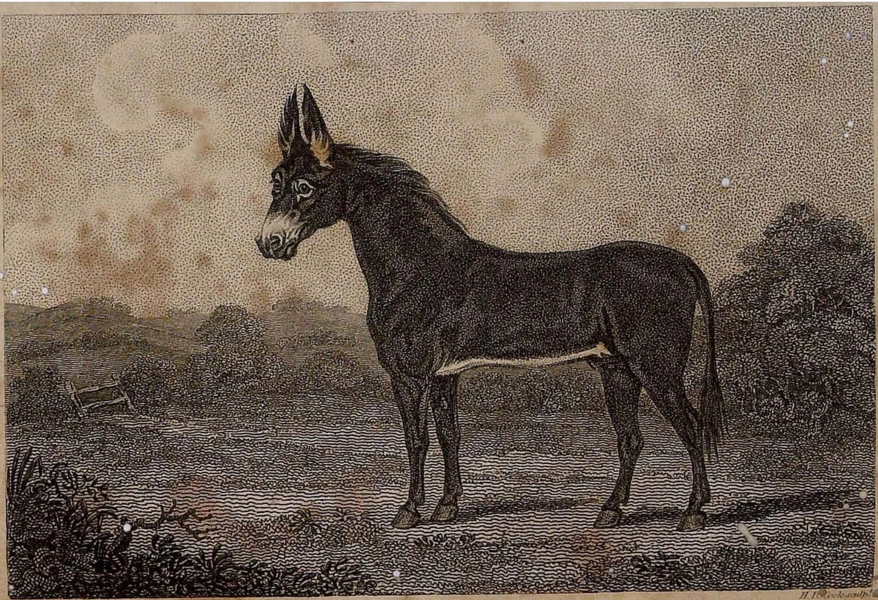
mained

mained in the kitchen, reading, until 12 o'clock at night; when the cook said she was going to bed—the other servant being timorous, requested her to stop a little longer, which she did, until half-past twelve; the cook then went up stairs to bed, but, to her astonishment, she found the dining-room dark, the fire raked out, and the two candles extinguished and standing on the table—she was then proceeding up stairs, when on the window on the landing of the first floor she perceived a gentleman's hat and gloves, upon which she moved back to the kitchen, and informed her fellow servant of the circumstances, whereupon they both went up stairs. When they came up they found the hat was gone, and the gloves scattered about; and in going up stairs the mistress appeared at her room door, and asked the housemaid whether she had let out the gentleman; she said, "No." The housemaid asked her fellow servant, who was below her on the stairs, whether she had let him out—She said, "No;" on which her mistress took the servant's candle, and went into her own bedroom and locked herself in. The two maids went then in search of the gentleman—they searched the counting-house, and the lower part of the house—they then searched their bed-room, and afterwards went into their mistress's bed-room; there was no appearance of the gentleman, but on going round to the other side, the defendant was found sitting there upon a chair with his hands folded, and his hat between his knees. 'Ah! you are there, are you,' said the cook: he grinned, without saying any thing. The house-maid, who is only 18 years of age, making her appearance almost immediately afterwards, came up with great courage, and collared the defendant, and said, "You villain, how dare you come into my master's bed-chamber in his absence: go down stairs, and go out of the house immediately." Upon which the defendant rushed down stairs with great rapidity, and the maid went after him, with a wish to get before him to give him in charge to the watchman; but she was not in time for that purpose, he having effected his escape.

These facts were proved in evidence before the court. It appeared also in evidence, that the defendant had visited the plaintiff's wife so early as the month of August last, but at that time he had not accomplished his criminal purpose, because, after he had been there once, he offered a sum of money to one of the maids to be admitted a second time, which was refused, and that by the order of the mistress.

There was also evidence called, as to the manner in which the plaintiff and his wife had lived together before the defendant became a visitor of the lady; and it appeared that there was some domestic strife between the plaintiff and his wife; that he had struck her several times; that he had struck her once because he had left with her a sum of money to pay bills, which, after he had returned from the country, he found had not been paid: there were some other disputes between them, about cording a box of her's, which was going into the country. However, all these instances were since her acquaintance with the defendant; and this was contended by the plantiff's counsel to be the effect of her misconduct, on account of her affection having been estranged from her husband by the defendant.

A num-



H. D. Chalon pinx.t

H. R. Cook sculp.t

Maltese Ass.

A number of witnesses were called, neighbours of the plaintiff and his wife, from whose evidence it appeared, that they had formerly lived in a state of happiness together.

Mr. Serjeant Best addressed the Jury on the part of the defendant; and he contended, first of all, that the crime of adultery was not proved to have been committed in this case. He admitted that there had been great indiscretion on both sides, and he had no doubt but that the parties had an intention to commit the offence, but he maintained that that was not sufficient, for the Jury must be satisfied on the evidence that the crime had been completed, before they could find a verdict for the plaintiff in this case. If they should be of opinion, contrary to his expectation, that the crime was committed, then, in mitigation of punishment, he observed, among other things, that a husband who could knock his wife down, for any provocation whatever, did not deserve more than one farthing damages.

Lord Ellenborough (before whom and a Special Jury this cause was tried) said, first of all it was the duty of the Jury to consider, whether this crime had been committed; and his Lordship, after reciting the material parts of the evidence, stated the probability to be, that the offence was committed—if the Jury should be of that opinion, their next consideration would be, the amount of the damages.—One part of the case appeared to be more aggravated than the rest, and that was, that a considerable time before this offence was committed, if it was committed, the defendant had been paying attention to this lady, and had been extremely solicitous to continue his acquaintance with her, which she did not appear to have encouraged, and therefore it might be supposed that she was then uncontaminated, and that it was owing to the defendant's conduct that this misfortune happened, always leaving it to the Jury to say, whether the offence was committed or not. There was some evidence of disputes and bickerings between the plaintiff and his wife: the Jury would consider all the circumstances of the case, and, if they were satisfied that the offence was committed, they would give to the plaintiff a verdict, with such damages as they thought the nature of the case called for.

The Jury, after a little consideration, found a verdict for the defendant.

MALTESE ASS;

AN ETCHING.

FROM the account which has been forwarded to us of this animal, we learn it was brought to England by Captain Marsden, who purchased him in Malta, from among sixty others which were shewn him, for the sum of one hundred guineas. He was a very handsome well-made animal, measuring upwards of thirteen hands high; his coat was a beautiful dark brown, and very fine, being as sleek as that of a blood horse; he was remarkably swift, having beat a celebrated horse in Malta, and was as gentle and tractable as any horse, not in the least partaking of that stubbornness for which, as most of our readers well know, our English asses are so remarkable.

Captain Marsden brought him to England about four years ago, and

and on his leaving the country soon afterwards, the ass was sent to Tattersall's, and sold, but who the purchaser was we have not learnt. The late Duke of Richmond was so much pleased with a portrait of him, which was exhibited at Somerset House, that he applied to Mr. Chalon, the painter of the picture, to know to whom the ass belonged, having a desire to purchase him; but, as already observed, he had been previously disposed of.

The picture of him is now in the possession of Mr. Heaviside, to whom it was presented, and who has given it a place, among other curiosities, in his Museum.—The spirited Etching is by Mr. Cook, of Titchfield-street.

A RAMBLE, FROM GALTON TO DORCHESTER.

The Crumb of Profusion....The Outset....The Precious Sacrifice....The Smugglers....Lord Milton's Park....The Epitaph....The Landscape, &c.

While politicians urge the noisy strain
For reformation, and still urge in vain,
In humbler walks I tune the rural lay,
And nature's beauties charm my wand'ring way:
Of rocks I sing, that frown above the wave,
Of ivy'd ruins, and the peaceful grave.
And now the sportsman's toils my tablets grace,
For what's more grateful than the jovial chase?
At eve set down among the rustics gay,
And fit my spirits for another day.

THE CRUMB OF PROFUSION.

IT has been for ages a favourite doctrine with our best writers, that virtue is always neglected, that vice is caressed and exalted, that truth and justice are rarely found in courts, and that flattery and lying are the only wings on which the needy are certain to ascend to stations of eminence and comfort. That this doctrine is by no means general, I shall endeavour to illustrate in the following simple fact, and that the most safe and easy policy is that which is founded in justice and in truth.

This morning, while I was taking my first meal, a young man of very respectable appearance entered the room, followed by a brace of pointers; when he had placed his loaded gun upon the hooks above the chimney-piece, the sportsman sat down at the end of a long oaken table, and demanded of my landlord to bring forth his loaf and his cheese, with a mug of his best October. In a few seconds the mandate was complied with, and the buck's-horn-handled knife as swiftly performed its office. The rind was separated from the cheese, and divided between the hungry dogs at his feet, with a portion, not very small, of the ale-man's delicious brown manchet, a particle of which rolled towards the foot of a poor farmering man, who sat at the other extremity—he was smoking a short pipe, and as silent as modesty could make him: the rustic beheld the crumb of profusion, snatched it from the clay floor, and conveyed it to his lips. "You must be hungry indeed, my friend," said the sportsman.—"I am not hungry," replied the man; "my conduct proceeds from a different cause."—"And what may that cause be?" rejoined the sportsman. —"The reverence I bear towards a grain of wheat," was the answer. "I am no stranger, Sir," continued he, "to the labour that attends on its vegetation, from breaking up the earth for its reception,

tion, to the blow of the flail that prepares it for the bushel. I have felt, Sir, the farmer's hopes after sowing that precious morsel, and I have partaken of his joy when he beheld it first divide the clod that covered it, and appeared green above the surface—when Summer has called it into ear I have sung with the reapers, and thrust, with them, my sickle into the waving treasure; and as the last load of the harvest has entered the barn, I have joined with the thrasher in blessing the bounteous hand that so generously provided for our necessities. And can I see that grain of wheat become the food of dogs? I trembled as I saw it fall, and conveyed it to that mouth Providence designed it should refresh. I say, I trembled as it fell; for at that moment I was thinking on the millions in want of this life-preserving agency. It was for these reasons I took up the crumb that fell before me, Sir."

"And pray what are you," said the sportsman, "that can reason so largely on so small a subject?" "I am nothing," replied the man. —"Are you acquainted with the business of a farm?"—"My father," returned the man, "was a farmer of some eminence in this county, but, from his humanity and his liberality, he failed; care, persecution, and ingratitude, rent his heart-strings asunder, and he left me with an informed mind only, to struggle with the mercenary for that which I obtain with great difficulty—a livelihood!"

"Then you have been used to the management of a farm?" said the sportsman:—"I have," returned the man, "as you may perceive, from striking the first furrow to housing the grain."—"How are you circumstanced at this time?" "Without employment, or you had not seen me idle in a pot-house." "Could you look after a farm of three hundred acres?"— "I can," was the answer. "I want a bailiff," said the sportsman, "and I think one who can be so solicitous for the preservation of a grain of wheat, will as carefully look after the whole produce. There is my address," continued the sportsman, tearing off the superscription of a letter; "come to me to-morrow by ten o'clock; I will try your ability, and if I find you worthy, you shall say you have a friend."

The sportsman then paid the landlord, took his gun from the hooks, whistled his dogs, and departed. I saw the hand-writing—it was Lord M——, Milton Abbey.

THE OUTSET.

Mine host of the White Hart having business to transact on the coast, requested my company to the rocks, where he had to meet some friends by appointment, but those, he said, would not detain him more than a few moments, and he would then shew me the precise place where the India ship called the Halswell struck on the breakers and went down. The elements concurring to improve our pleasures, we set off together, and about noon came in sight of his trading friends, who had been some time waiting; good manners bade me stand aloof, and they all seemed well pleased at the observance.—After a few significant nods and whispers, they received from my friend a canvas bag, containing money, and having heartily shook him by the hand, departed to their boat, and were presently lost to our sight in the great waters. My companion did not seem inclined

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to make me acquainted with this mysterious meeting, nor had I the curiosity to require it of him; however, the cloud was by no means too dark for my penetration, and of which I shall say more in another place.

We now mounted the cliff, and approached the dreadful spot that overhangs the craggy points of the black rocks; the vast depth, together with the gloomy and irregular indentations of the coast, form a scene to fill the reflective mind with horror. We were near five hundred feet perpendicular above the sea; and now my landlord, being an eye-witness to the sufferings of the unfortunate crew, was the better able to describe them to me. It was (said he) on the 6th of January, 1786, about two o'clock in the morning, when the Halswell was dashed to pieces on these rocks, and Captain Pierce and his two beautiful daughters, with many other passengers, perished, and out of 250 persons, only 74 were saved from the violence of the irresistible elements. The melancholy recital awakened my pity, and writing some elegiac stanzas on the occasion, I think it no way improper in this part of my Ramble to give them a place, and by so doing, record

THE PRECIOUS SACRIFICE.

Thron'd on his car, with brow austere,
Striking the trembling winds with fear,
The God of Waters, on a day,
Along our channel took his way;
His slaves obsequious circling nigh,
Await his nod, and watch his eye.
To these he cries,
From yonder skies,
"Summon the Gods of Tempests to mine ear:"—
The blustering Gods with all their train appear.

To know his will all silent stand—
The world of waters stretch'd his hand,
And thus, majestically rude,
Accus'd them of ingratitude:—
"Why hold, ye winds, what's due to me?
What sacrifice have I from thee,
Who once could spare
A grateful share
To testify what all the world must deem,
That I'm of the rotundity supreme."

The sable winds their duty own,
And promise quickly to atone,
When thus the dreaded Boreas broke
(The winds impatient as he spoke)—
"Sees't thou yon bark from mighty Thames,
A casket fraught with living gems?
This we select,
Without neglect,
And yield it up a precious sacrifice—
The pow'rful Oceanus claims the prize.

"A virgin train its sides inclose,
Pure as the essence of the op'ning rose,
Whose beauty, grace, and high desert,
Demand respect, and charm the heart;
Beside a sire well known to Fame,
For courage and a virtuous name:—
This bark go take,
In pieces break,
Amidst yon forked rocks perform the rite,
An offering sure that must a God delight.

Well pleas'd, about it strait they fly,
Curl up the billows to the sky,
Obscure the heav'ns with pitchy clouds,
Spread terrors 'mongst the trembling shrouds;
'Till stiff with fears and midnight frost,
On Old Dorcestra's ragged coast,
Ah! pity here,
And drop a tear;
With one rude dash the winds the vessel brake,
And to the sounds of female grief the off'ring make.

Till Time, in sadness, led the day,
Old Ocean, pleas'd, pursued his way,
While sorrowing friends, with tears, explore
The windings of the cavern'd shore,
And those surrender'd by the waves
Humanely lay in quiet graves.
Thus *sweetness fell,
Sad tale to tell!
This balm, to sooth, the friend and parent tries—
A hope that points to bliss beyond the skies.

* Miss Pierce and her friendly female companions.

But

But from this melancholy subject let me turn to

THE SMUGGLERS,

for such were the persons from whom my fellow traveller turned with dumb signs of a sincere farewell, and the bag of money was, no doubt, a payment for goods received, or for a future venture. Reflecting on the consequences of this kind of traffic, and the advantages that might in all probability accrue to my country upon its annihilation, I did not fear instantly to set down my thoughts on the subject. It is a well-known fact, that along almost the whole extension of the northern shores of France, the French brandy or moonshine (as it is properly called) is not of grapes, but from the apple presses of the farmers, and that no British smuggler receives the smallest quantity of the article without the ready money, which in a great measure contributes to the decrease of our national species, and of course injurious to the revenue. Now it is my firm opinion that both these evils may be speedily removed, and that a spirit may be produced of equal, if not of superior quality, to that we draw from foreign shores. Our own fruits, from an ingenious mixture of the *scion* with the *stem*, are incontrovertibly richer, and in all respects more potent than the apples of Normandy, or any other of the French provinces. Let the farmers of England, then, be permitted, under the Excise, to make use of the still, as the farmers do in France, where a spirit is even drawn from the cake of the cyder press. After this, it requires no great depth of penetration to discover what an incalculable advantage must arise to the state. The ready money would be kept at home, the duties improved, and the subjects enriched, and their health in a less degree liable to injury from the improved quality of the dram. Such a mode, in my opinion, ought to be adopted, more especially at this time, when our financiers are at their wit's end to raise the governmental supplies, and the credit of the country is suffering from an enormous paper currency.—After a most gratifying walk to the coast, I found myself in the road to Piddle-town, and halting on the high ground, while my companion descended to give orders to the shopkeepers, I diverted the moments with my sketch-book, and with the singular beauties of

LORD MILTON'S PARK;

where the venerable remains of the Abbey must not be forgotten. This rural beauty was founded by King Athelstan, towards the middle of the tenth century, who also endowed it, and placed therein a fraternity of Benedictine Monks, to pray for the soul of his brother Edwin, against whom he had caused a false accusation to be brought, upon which poor Edwin was condemned, and his sentence was, to be thrust out to sea in a small boat without sails or oars to direct him, and he there perished, and was heard of no more.

The Abbey is about three miles from Milbourne, and contiguous to his Lordship's magnificent mansion. The injuries this fabric had sustained by time and tempests, have been effectually done away by the ingenuity of Mr. Wyatt, his Majesty's architect, who has not only restored the external appearance, but the interior also, and that to its original and beautiful simplicity.

My companion now joined me

on

on the hill; we descended merrily together to the small cemetery at its foot, where the singular fashion of the wooden tombs, and their modest inscriptions, appeared to us no small satire on the pomp and vanities of the more refined world, and where I was not a little surprised to find one of a more polished description, to the memory of Thomas Edwards, a painter, plumber, and glazier, of the neighbouring town, with an epitaph so singular, that I could not resist a transcript.

Here lies Thomas Edwards, a man of good parts:
Tho' unknown to the Schools, he was Master of Arts.
The villages round from his skill oft improv'd—
He lighten'd their darkness, and sadness remov'd.
Whenever their comforts were fading away,
Tom spread a bright colour, and made them all gay;
Whate'er their complaints, he examin'd the cause,
Effected perfection, and solder'd their flaws.
Tho' no student in physic, his fame widely spread,
And his cures were all work'd by the pow'rs of his lead.
His equal our Thomas has not left behind:
He was strength to the weak, and eyes to the blind.
To reward him for ever, Tom's mounted on high,
Where his tints shall be lasting as those in the sky.

As we were once more on the hills in our way to Galton, and on the precise spot so much recommended by travellers for its extensive views, I endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to describe

THE LANDSCAPE.

The brilliant towers of the Abbey seem to rise more majestically from a vast cluster of beautiful beach trees. Between the park and the hills, from west to east, romantically wind the rivers Frome and Piddle, till they apparently diminish to a point near Wareham, while the immensity of sheep that scatter over the pastures communicate a sensation not easy to express. To the southward of the eminence, the variety of noble seats, the inclosures, and the farms, afford a most striking proof of the riches of this divine county; the scene terminating with two black rocks, between which the sea is seen in motion, and has a most attractive effect, sparkling like myriads of diamonds dropping through the beams of the sun. A good painter will do well to observe these beauties in the proper season; they cannot fail to enrich his tablets with treasures most worthy his attention in less favourable moments, when confined to the temple of his domestic studies.

We were again in the main road, and my companion being but little inclined to accompany me on my journey, we parted with the greatest cordiality. I took my way through Warmwell, Broad Main, &c. After performing a journey of near thirty miles, I began to tire more through the heat of the day than the distance: and the town of Dorchester presenting itself most pleasantly, I cheerfully entered, and presently found a comfortable set-down at the White Hart, in the West-street, where, after a proper sacrifice to Bacchus and to Ceres, I sought my repose, and if to-morrow be fair, shall take a trip to Weymouth.

I am,

Your's, &c.

T. N.

GRAND CRICKET MATCH.

On Monday, the 20th instant, the return grand Match of Cricket, between thirteen of All-England and twenty-three of Kent, for 1000 guineas, began playing on Pennenden Heath, and terminated on Thursday, the 23d, in favour of Kent, by 27 notches; Kent having got 189, and England 162 runs.

The following was the state of the game:

KENT.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Higgins	0	c. Freemantle	4	c. Bennett
Ayling	1	b. Wells	6	not out
Hooker	1	st. Hammond	22	c. Lambert
Fuller	0	run out	2	c. F. Beauclerk
Burgess	1	c. Wells	0	b. ditto
C. Read	14	run out	0	run out
Razell	18	c. Small	1	run out
Crisp	0	st. Hammond	3	b. F. Beauclerk
J. Willes	8	st. ditto	6	st. Hammond
Field	3	st. ditto	0	c. Beldam
Y. Willes	15	c. Leigh	5	run out
H. Russell	12	b. Howard	2	b. F. Beauclerk
R. Ayling	3	leg bef. wicket	5	c. Hammond
Winter	4	st. Hammond	0	c. Beldam
J. Read	1	run out	0	c. ditto
Tomlin	4	c. Small	0	c. Hammond
Wenman	0	st. Hammond	1	c. Robinson
Elgar	0	c Robinson	1	c. Hammond
Larking	5	c. Bennett	3	st. Hammond
Nordish	10	st. Hammond	8	c. Bennett
Ashby	1	not out	0	st. Hammond
Fullagar	6	run out	0	c. Lambert
C. Russell	9	not out	0	c. Hammond
Byes	4		0	
Total	120		69	

ALL ENGLAND.

Freemantle	0	st. Read	0	not out
J. Small	0	c. Larking	4	c. Russell
Lambert	6	c. ditto	9	b. Field
Beldam	14	c. ditto	27	c. Burgess
Hammond	1	run out	0	c. E. Burgess
Robinson	9	b. J. Willes	2	c. Burgess
Lord F. Beauclerk	2	c. Razell	34	c. Larking
— Smith, Esq.	18	hit his wicket	0	c. Read
T. Walker	0	c. Larking	5	c. ditto
Bennett	13	c. ditto	3	c. Ashby
Howard	1	run out	0	c. Burgess
Wells	10	c. J. Willes	1	b. Ashby
— Lee, Esq.	0	not out	0	run out
Byes	1		2	
Total	75		87	

This

This was reckoned the greatest match that had been played in Kent for upwards of twenty years; bets to a very large amount were depending on both sides. The straight-arm bowling introduced by John Willes, Esq. was generally practised in this game, and fully proved an obstacle against getting runs, in comparison to what might have been got by the straight-forward bowling.

The weather, being uncommonly fine and serene, drew together a much greater concourse of spectators than ever before seen on a similar occasion, among whom were a great number of the principal families in that part of the county.—That old amateur of the bat, Sir Horace Mann, was present every day, and dined at the ordinary, which was sumptuously furnished and well attended.

THE FORTRESS.

THIS Melo-Drama, just brought out at the Haymarket, is a translation from a French piece, called *La Fortresse du Danube*, performed with great success at Paris. The principal characters were as follow:—

Count Everard.....	Mr. Young.
Count Adolphus.	Carles.
Major Valbron....	Chapman.
Oliver	De Camp.
Philip	Liston.
Thomas.............	Taylor.
Vincent.............	Matthews.
Celestine	Mrs. Taylor.
Pauline..............	Liston.
Alice..................	Gibbs.

The scene lies in one of the German States. The principal interest arises from the imprisonment of Count Everard, on a charge of treason, originating in private hostility on the part of the Minister, and the devices employed by his daughter, Celestine, for his escape. The latter obtains admittance into the prison, which is a fortress on the Danube, in the disguise of a Savoyard. After various expedients, she contrives to pass a disguise through the grating of her father's cell; and, whilst Philip, the Commander of the Guard, and an old campaigner, is engaged in telling a story of his exploits, in which he discloses the circumstance of being blind of one eye, Celestine passes with her father on his blind side, and effects his escape, the key having been inadvertently left in the door of his cell. Several other interesting situations occur after the escape of Everard, who surrenders himself up again, in order to rescue Oliver, a brave young Officer, who is suspected of having assisted in his escape. A dispatch at length arrives from the Prince, imparting his discovery of the unjust charges against the Count, with an order for his release.

The situations of this piece are much of the same cast with those of *The Escapes*, *The Prisoner*, *Tekeli*, and other entertainments, for which we have been indebted to the French stage. They are enlivened by an underplot of a cottager and his wife, in which some beautiful airs and duets were admirably sung by Mr. Taylor and Mrs. Liston. Mr. Liston, always comic, was irresistibly so in Philip. Matthews' is a very good part, and he appeared to great advantage in it. Mr. Young, in Count Everard, was impressive and dignified. Mrs. Gibbs gave extreme interest to the part of Alice; and Mrs. Taylor, as Celestine, disguised as the Savoyard or villager, looked very pretty and

and interesting. The piece has been translated and adapted to the English stage by Mr. T. Hook; the overture, music, and songs, are by the same gentleman, and possess great merit. The liberality of the managers is displayed in the beauty of the scenery, decorations, and dresses.

Mr. Young announced the piece for second representation, amidst reiterated plaudits. The house was extremely full.

BOXING.

THE long-depending pugilistic contest between Samuels, (better known by the appellation of Dutch Sam) and Tom Belcher, took place on Tuesday, the 28th, at Moulsey Hurst, opposite Hampton, for 200 guineas. It would be superfluous to give a history of the *heroes* of the day's diversion, each being well known to the readers of the *Sporting Magazine* as the most scientific on the pugilistic list.—They fought a battle in February 1806, on the same ground, which was contested in a manner never since, and seldom before, witnessed. That contest lasted upwards of an hour, and until the last round, victory was doubtful. Belcher was considered in ill health at that time, and in the present instance he was not only very fresh, but a stone heavier than before. A report had prevailed that Sam had trained badly, and consequently, with the advantage Belcher had gained since the former contest, 5 to 4 was betted freely against Sam.

No fight, of late, had caused such universal anxiety, which has been on its full stretch amongst all classes. This was to be accounted for only from the equality of the match, as no two from the list of pugilists would produce equal diversion in the several requisites of the art. The road to the field of action surely was never before so crowded; St. James's, St. Giles's, and Duke's-place, seemed to have furnished their complement; and the Sandman, Jew, and Gentile, vied with each other for superiority in pace. A roped ring of 28 feet was formed for the listed knights to exhibit in, which was surrounded as early as nine o'clock in the morning by some thousands of persons. At twelve o'clock the spectators became so numerous, that the outer ring between the carriages, and the inner ring, would not contain them; and consequently two hours were occupied in removing the ropes to another spot, where an immense ring was formed for the accommodation of the spectators. Belcher first appeared, and was soon after followed by his opponent. The former had been full of confidence as to the result of the battle ever since the match was made.

THE BATTLE.

1st Round.—Very little ceremony in sparring.—Sam made a short blow at Belcher's ribs with his right hand; Belcher put in two dexterous blows on Sam's head, right and left, and retreated. A good deal of cautious sparring followed. Sam rallied and closed, and both fell, Belcher undermost.

2.—Sam hit his adversary a right-hand blow on the loins, after throwing away several hits, which Belcher returned by a severe blow in the face. Some cautious sparring followed, and the round closed by Sam hitting his opponent down by a dexterous and desperate blow in the neck.—Even betting.

3.—Sam rallied with courage and confidence; some sharp blows were exchanged, and some dexterous stopping was exhibited.—Belcher was thrown.

4.—Belcher exhibited some severe marks of the rally, and he bled copiously from the nose. Sam also had a swelled eye. Belcher hit his opponent in the face over his guard, when Sam closed, threw him, and fell on him heavily.

5.—It would be difficult to describe the courage and skill displayed in this round. Sam rallied, some sharp blows were exchanged, and the combatants closed. They disengaged, and Belcher rallied; but Sam had a most decided advantage in the round, and by superior strength he drove his adversary to all parts of the ring, and at length Belcher fell with a slight blow. Five to 4 on Sam, but little betting.

6.—This was also a desperate rallying round, and after some hits had been exchanged, Belcher stopped two well-directed blows at his head, and fell weak. Six to 4 on Sam.

7.—Sam hit twice short, as he had frequently done, by not judging his distance. An irregular close ended the round, by Sam giving his adversary a heavy fall, and falling on his head.

8.—An irregular round, which ended without a blow being struck.

9.—The advantage in this round was decidedly in favour of Belcher, who hit his adversary right and left in his face, and after an irregular close, threw him a heavy fall. Bets nearly level.—Sam still the favourite.

10.—Sam made a long hit at Belcher's body, and afterwards threw him.

11.—Two well-directed attempts to hit Belcher's head were dexterously stopped by him. Sam threw away several blows, and after closing, Belcher threw him.

12.—Belcher, although much fresher than he had been, seemed to be very cautious of his adversary hitting him. He retreated round the ring, but Sam followed him closely, and run him down on the spot.

13.—Belcher stopped two of his adversary's blows skilfully, and returned one forcibly. Sam seemed for the first time rather weak, and fell with a slight hit.

14.—Bettings were again as in the 9th round. Sam exhibited two black eyes, and Belcher had received a good deal of punishing on the left side. Sam hit Belcher slightly on the left side, and was afterwards thrown a heavy fall.

15.—In this round Belcher retreated, and was followed; but there were no blows exchanged, Belcher having fell again in a weakly state, whilst hugging his adversary. Six and 7 to 4 on Sam.

16.—A rallying round, in which, as before, some blows were struck, Sam hit his adversary in the throat, and Belcher, after returning the blow ineffectually, closed, and threw his man.

17. No blow struck.—An irregular close ended the round.

18.—No blow of consequence. Sam fell on a blow made at his opponent's ribs.

19.—A hard-fought round—each exerted himself to the utmost, and they exchanged blows at arm's length, in a rally, until both fell, as if by word of command.

20.—Sam hit Belcher on the nose, and he was thrown by closing.

21.—Another desperate round at arm's length, in a rally made by Belcher; each stood hitting and stopping as in the 19th round; but Sam

Sam had the advantage by his strength, and Belcher gave way through excessive weakness.

22.—Two blows were exchanged, and both fell.

23 and 24.—Closing rounds, without blows.

25.—Belcher received two blows right and left—he closed and threw his adversary. Seven to 4 on Sam.

26.—In this round, Belcher exerted every nerve for superiority; he followed his opponent to the ropes, and hit him several times, as well as stopped, with superior skill.

27.—This round altered the betting considerably, and seemed to create but faint hopes of the success of Belcher. Sam made play, and in a rally he had so decided an advantage, that he hit his adversary three hard blows on the left side. He was, however, ultimately thrown.—Two and 3 to 1 on Sam.

28.—This round was as much in favour of Sam as the last; he put in several blows on Belcher's head, and he fell.

29.—This was a hard-fought round, as much to the advantage of Sam as the two former. Belcher's blows were too feeble to give him hopes of victory. Sam threw him.

30.— Sam, to all appearance, was as fresh as when he began the battle, although his eyes were half closed. Belcher was too weak to resist his rally, and he was knocked down. Four to 1 on Sam.

31.—Belcher's situation excited sympathy; his exertions to maintain the contest were truly courageous; but Sam, elated at the situation of his adversary, beat him out of the ring. Any odds offered in vain.

32.—Belcher hit Sam two feeble blows, and tried in vain to rally. He fell.

33.—Belcher's blows were unavailing, and he had not a shadow of chance with his adversary; he fell before he had even received a hit.

34.—This round decided the contest, and created a disgusting wrangle. Belcher made a blow at Sam, and fell on his knees. Sam, whose blow was intended to hit his opponent whilst on his legs, struck him in the face before either of Belcher's hands were on the ground. A cry of *foul* was vociferated from those who were on the wrong side of the question, and the business was referred to the two umpires; one of whom gave the blow fair, and the other foul. It was, however, explained by Mr. Jackson, that a man, according to the rules of boxing, was not considered down until one hand was on the ground; Sam was consequently declared the victor. His blows received were in the face, and Belcher was hit from his kidneys to the top of his head on the left side.

A battle conducted throughout with equal skill, courage, and bottom, has not taken place since the last between the same pugilists.—The field of amateurs was more numerous than ever before witnessed. Belcher fought with his usual skill, but his strength has decreased, which lost him the battle.

Mendoza and Pittone seconded the victor, and Bill Ward and Watson seconded Belcher.

Other fights took place; and, with the baiting of a bull, the sports were not over until midnight.

The Duke of Clarence, and a number of nobility, were present. It would be no exaggeration to say, that to mention the names of the gentry present, would be to enumerate about one-fifth of the Court Calendar.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE following match was made at Beverley Meeting, to be run on Monday in the York August Meeting:—The Hon. Martin Hawke's Bright Phœbus, by Hammer, 12st. 7lb. against Mr. Thompson's Scapefire, by Stride, 12st.—Two miles, 200gs.—To be rode by Gentlemen.

THE favourite horse *Eagle*, that covered this spring at Mr. Richard Prince's, at Newmarket, at 20gs. a mare, was sold and delivered, on the 7th instant, to Mr. Johnson, of Ascot, for 1000gs.—We are informed, that Mr. Morland is joint in one half of the purchase.

IN the York Spring Meeting, Mr. Kirby purchased *Maida* of Sir Hedworth Williamson.—He has since won a Stakes at Newcastle, and was second to Cassio for the Gold Cup at the same place.—He is named for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and is got by Beningbrough, out of a daughter of Spadille.

MR. Wyndham has purchased *Gladiator*, with his engagements, of General Gower.—He is got by Buzzard, out of an own sister to Champion, by Pot8o's. And Mr. Mellish has purchased *Ferdinand*, with his engagements, of Lord Grosvenor.—He is got by John Bull, out of Isabella, by Eclipse.

THE Knights of the trigger will regret to hear, that the scythe has, this season, been a great enemy to the incubation of partridges. Hundreds of eggs were mowed over in this neighbourhood. Ten that were taken up and placed under a hen belonging to a person here, were hatched in a few days afterwards, and afford the promise of being all reared.—*Lewes Paper*.

THE long talked of pedestrian match between Captain Barclay and Abraham Wood, the celebrated Lancashire pedestrian, is at length made for 200 guineas. The parties are to go as great a distance as they can in twenty-four hours, and Captain Barclay is allowed twenty miles at starting. There are many bets already made on the event, and although Wood is the favourite, the *fleecers* are shy at betting the odds against the Captain, who is capable of performing pedestrian wonders.

A FEW days since, a mare, the property of Mr. Samuel Ollerhead, of Bangor, near Wrexham, parted with 207 stones, six of them the size of a large pigeon's egg, weighing one ounce each, the others of inferior size; but the whole 207 weighing one pound eleven ounces. The mare had been perfectly well, and did her work as usual, and has never been the least amiss since, but works regularly; never parted with any before or since; they all came away at once.

AFFECTION in a Bird.—Some boys, in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock, having taken three young Linnets from two nests, carried them home and placed them in a cage. Two days afterwards, when the mistress of the family entered the room, she saw a bird on the cage, which had entered the room by

by a broken pane, and seemed endeavouring to get through the wires. Supposing it had got out of the cage, she went forward to catch it. It allowed itself to be taken, and was placed in the cage, when a striking scene of mutual affection took place: two of the young ones flew to the stranger, who as warmly returned their caresses, and proved that she was the fond mother that had been bereft of her offspring. Some meat was put into the bottom of the cage, which she instantly broke down and fed her young with. The third young bird, neither noticed by the mother, nor claiming a share of what she divided to her young, proves to be of a different family. The whole continue in the same cage; and the mother seems unconscious of her lost liberty in the enjoyment of her restored young ones.

Hopping.—The latter end of last month a match, twenty hops for 10 guineas, took place at Loughborough, Leicestershire, between James Shipley, of Nottingham, and a person named Moore, of Leicester; it was very closely contested, so much so, that bets of 4 to 1 were laid and taken on each side. The match, however, was won by Shipley. On measuring the distance, it appeared, Shipley had hopped 75 yards 9 or 10 inches, and Moore something more than 75 yards.—The latter was to have run against Shipley on the same day, 140 yards, for 40 guineas, but declined, and in consequence forfeited his deposit.

Foot Race.—A match for 50 guineas, between Lord Frederick Beauclerk and the Hon. Mr. Brand, took place on Wednesday, July 15, in Lord's Cricket-ground. Lord Frederick beat his antagonist hollow. The parties were to run 100 yards. Mr. Brand gave in before he had got 150 paces, being quite winded. The Duke of St. Alban's made the bet. Many sportsmen were present.

A foot-race, which excited a good deal of attention and anxiety amongst the sporting circle of St. James's, was run against time, the 23d of July, at four o'clock in the morning, for 100 guineas, by Mr. Wilding, famed for feats of agility in the West of England some time since. The pedestrian undertook to go from the Parliament-street end of Westminster-bridge to Cupar's-gardens, Lambeth, a distance of nearly a mile, in six minutes, over a rugged road, and frequently obstructed by posts. Although at an early hour, a considerable concourse of spectators were present at the match, and Mr. Spraggs, of sporting celebrity, condescended to start the hero of the sport, and he also accompanied him the whole of the journey, and gave him *the office* respecting time. Mr. Wilding performed the distance in 40 seconds less than the given time, and he has set all pedestrians at defiance in a one-mile race.

The 6th instant, Mr. George Mills, 101 years of age, walked from his house, at Tarring Neville, to Newhaven, Sussex, four miles, to witness a cricket-match played there on that day, at which he found amusement till it terminated, when he returned home, and felt such little fatigue from his journey, that on the following morning he challenged a man, of nearly the same age, in the next parish, to walk with him over Lewes Race Course for four guineas, to be placed, one at the extremity of each mile, and become the property of him who shall be first enabled

bled to pick them up, from his pedestrian exertions.

On Monday July 20, in the neighbourhood of Brooke, Norfolk, a race was run against time by an ass, rode by a lad. The wager allowed seven minutes to perform a distance of two miles, which the animal ran in most excellent stile, having eleven seconds to spare. The ass was the property of a young man, named Wolterton, of the above place.

On Wednesday, the 8th instant, a single game of cricket was played between two gentlemen of the Thetford club, against two gentlemen of Newmarket, which was won by the former with great ease, having 37 runs to spare; and on Monday the 13th, the gentlemen of the Thetford and Bury clubs met to play the return match:—Thetford first innings amounted to 150 notches; six members only of the Bury club went in that day, whose notches amounted to 33; a heavy rain coming on, it was agreed to decide the match on the following Monday, but in the intermediate time the gentlemen of the Thetford club received forfeit.

The grand match of Cricket, in Lord's ground, which commenced playing on Monday, July 6, between 13 of All England, against 23 of the county of Kent, for 1000 guineas a side, was decided on the Wednesday, in favour of the latter, by 12 wickets.—*For a detailed account of the return match, see page 191.*

On Tuesday, July 14, the long-depending match of Cricket, between eleven gentlemen of Bishop's Stortford, Herts, and eleven Gentlemen of Bishop's Walden, Essex, for 100gs. a side, was played at Walden Common, which was won by the former by one innings and two notches. The public expectation was considerably excited by the supposed equality of the players; and this, with the fineness of the day, attracted a numerous and genteel company from the neighbourhood, who were highly gratified by the science displayed in this noble game.

On Saturday, July 11, was played a Grand Match in Lord Essex's Park, Herts, between eleven gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, against ten gentlemen of the Rickmansworth Club, with Hammond, for 500 guineas a side, which was decided in favour of the latter, by 32 runs.

The Grand Match in Lord's Ground, which commenced playing on Monday June 29, between eleven of Surrey, against eleven of All England, for 1000 guineas a side, was decided on the Wednesday, in favour of England, by ten runs.

A singular game of Cricket was played on Monday, June 29, in Leed's Park, Kent, by seven gentlemen against twenty-two. The seven went in first, and got 44 runs; the twenty-two then went in and gained 46.—Second innings, the seven gentlemen went in, five of whom were bowled out without getting a run, and one put out by having his leg before the wicket, consequently lost the game.

The 24th and 25th instant, a match at Cricket was played on Southsea Common, between eleven officers of the Nottingham militia and eleven gentlemen of Portsmouth, which was won by the latter.—There was excellent play on both sides.

PEDES-

PEDESTRIAN Performance.—On Saturday, the 11th of July, at three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Pearson started from Pimlico, to go to Datchet-bridge, near Windsor, and return, in five hours and a half, for a wager of one hundred guineas. The distance which the pedestrian had to perform was upwards of 37 miles. Mr. Pearson started on a shuffling walk, and arrived at Hounslow (ten miles) at a quarter past four o'clock, where he took some light refreshment, and halted again at Colnbrook (17 miles) at 25 minutes past five o'clock. He proceeded across the fields, and arrived at Datchet-bridge at forty minutes past five o'clock, the half of the distance having been performed in two hours and forty minutes. Half the time allowed had expired within a few minutes, and bets ran two and three to one against the performance. The pedestrian quickened his pace back, and arrived at Hounslow at five minutes past seven o'clock, much fatigued. Mr. Pearson had an hour and twenty-five minutes to perform the last ten miles, and, by great exertion, he did it in three minutes less than the given time. He was a good deal fatigued, and the performance was considered wonderful at this season of the year.

A MELANCHOLY accident happened on Wednesday, July 8, at Longport, Wilts:— Mr. Weldon had invited a party of friends to spend the day, and a quantity of pigeons were provided for the morning's diversion. The visitors divided themselves, and formed a match at pigeon-shooting; but unfortunately the third bird, on being released from the trap, took a winding direction to the left, and the gentleman who shot, lodged part of the contents of his piece in the body of Mr. Jacques, his friend, who was an out-scout, and was standing about eighty yards in a parallel direction from him. The unfortunate man survived but a few hours.

ON Friday, the 10th, Thomas Canham, carpenter, of Wymondham, was committed to the Castle of Norwich, on a violent suspicion of entering a pasture in Wicklewood, belonging to the Rev. J. Coleman, on Monday, the 29th ult. and cutting and stabbing a poney; and also on the following morning, in the same pasture, killing a favourite cosset lamb, by severing its head almost from its body, the property of Miss Colman.

A SHOCKING accident, attended with circumstances truly singular, occurred on Wednesday the 15th instant, at a gentleman's house, on Maize-hill, Blackheath. A Newfoundland dog, which was tied up near the stable belonging to the mansion, had broken the chain by which he was tied up, and for some time kept a continual howl at the house-door. On its being opened, the sagacious animal gently seized the garments of the lady belonging to the house, and conducted her towards the stable. On one of the servants opening the door, the corpse of the man-servant who took care of the horses presented itself. One of the horses, to all appearance, had kicked the man in the stomach, and he fell between the horses' legs and the boarding of the stable. The animal, from the state of the body, had continued to kick and plunge until the stable-door was opened.

PUGILISM.—Last month, at Upton-Scudamore, near Warminster, a desperate battle was fought by two

two tradesmen of the neighbourhood, a hair-dresser, and a hatter. Bets, at the commencement, were in favour of the former; but after 22 well-contested rounds, the battle terminated in favour of the hatter.

THE early part of the month, two labouring men met in Conduit-fields, to determine, by a pugilistic combat, their pretensions to the favour of a girl, the object of admiration to both. After fighting nearly forty minutes, and beating each other most brutally, the fair one appeared on the field of battle, and probably disgusted by their appearance, renounced them both, and insultingly upbraided them with folly and presumption, in attempting to decide a question which exclusively belonged to her to determine. This put an end to their conflict, but gave rise to another affray; the woman's conduct was universally disapproved, particularly by the spectators of her own sex —and after hustling her, and abusing her for some time, a girl, a brick-maker in the neighbourhood, challenged her to fight. They set to, and after nearly twenty minutes severe contest, the brickmaker closed both her adversary's eyes, and was carried off in triumph.

A FEW days ago, a desperate battle was fought at Wanborough, in Wilts, by Farmer Thomas Harding, and Robert Hatten, taylor. Each party paid his addresses to the same lass, and the farmer, becoming jealous of his rival's success, gave Snip a guinea to fight him for half an hour, conceiving that "None but the brave deserves the fair." The combatants set to in good earnest, and fought for an hour and a half, in which time there were 53 knock-down blows given, when the bye-standers parted the desperate lovers.

BOXING.—The pugilistic contest for 200 guineas, between Flowers, a coachman, and Sweet, recently a waiter in the vicinity of Bath, was decided on Tuesday, the 14th inst. in Windsor Forest. At ten o'clock in the morning, the parties met on a piece of ground near Wingfield, Berks, but some symptoms of prevention being manifested, they repaired to the Forest, where a ring fence was formed in the presence of about two hundred spectators. At the commencement of the contest, the coachman seemed to aim at making a short business of it, by going in and beating his adversary off hand, but he dropped this mode of proceeding in the 5th round, having suffered severely on the left side, by the skilful blows put in by his adversary. Bets were two to one on Sweet, at this time, who remained untouched. The battle continued in favour of Sweet, until the combatants had fought nearly half an hour, when one of the coachman's right-handed blows told under the ear of his adversary so violently, as to cause, in a few seconds, a swelling little less than a hen's egg. Sweet appeared undismayed, although his strength seemed to fail him: but he shifted, stopped, and hit, and had the best of the battle, after it had lasted 40 minutes. The coachman's head and left side, proved him, to use the technical phrase, *a glutton;* for, although he exhibited the utmost marks of violence he never once appeared shy. In the 36th round, Sweet was so weak, that he was unable to resist the fury of the coachman, who hit him down, and Sweet being unable to rise again in time, lost the battle.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

THE happy morning comes, expected long
By lads and lasses.—Soon as light appears,
The swain is ready in his Sunday frock,
And calls on Nell to trip it to the fair.
The village bells are up, and, jangling loud,
Proclaim the holiday. The clam'rous drum
Calls to the puppet-show; the groaning horn
And twanging trumpets speak the sale begun
Of articles most rare and cheap. Dogs bark,
Astounded at the noise; old women laugh,
Boys shout, and the grave Doctor mounts with glee
His crowded scaffold, struts, and makes a speech;
Maintains the virtue of his salve for corns,
His worm-cake and his pills; puffs his known skill,
And shews his kettle, silver knives and forks,
Ladle and cream-pot, and, to crown the whole,
The splendid tankard. Andrew grins, and courts
The gaping multitude, till Tom and Sue,
And Abigail and Ned, their shoulders shrug,
And laugh and whisper, and resolve to sport
The solitary shilling.—See produced
Their unwash'd handkerchiefs! Ah! simple swains!
Ah! silly maids! you laugh, but Andrew wins;
And what remains for you but sad remorse,
Or box of salve to plaster disappointment?
Unless the smart of folly may be sooth'd
By Andrew's merry pranks, the dancing girl,
And frolic tumbler. Now the street is fill'd
With stalls and booths for gingerbread and beer,
Rear'd by enchantment, finish'd in a trice.
Amusements here for children of each kind;
For little master's pence a coach, a drum,
A horse, a wife, a trumpet; dolls for miss,
Fans, cups and saucers, kettles, maids and churns.
For idle school-boys, Punchinello rants,
The juggler shuffles, and the artful dame
Extends the lucky bag. For infants tall,
Of twenty years and upwards, rueful games—
To whirl the horse-shoe, at the nine-pins bowl,
Game at the dial-plate, drink beer and gin,
Rant, rave, and swear, cudgel, get drunk and fight.
Now chilly ev'ning puts her grey coat on,
And, from the east advancing, puts to flight
The rear of day, girt with a zone of stars.
The busy fair is ended. The rank booth
Ejects its beastly habitant; the mob
Disperse, and Andrew's merry pranks are done.
Home reels the drunken clown, or stays to fight,
Nothing the cause, yet honour much concern'd.
Confusion reigns, uproar and loud misrule;
Distinctions cease; and still the oath, the scream,
The shout, the hoot, disturb the midnight ear
Of sober people, timely gone to bed.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MR. PEILLIAT, BELL-FOUNDER AND CHIME-MAKER,

*Who cast the new and harmonious Peal of Bells, at St. Dunstan's, Stepney.**

BY A RINGER.

SINCE you, good Sir, (whose fame each county tells,
For founding, changing, and attuning bells)
Since you to them adjust harmonious chimes,
Soft, artful echo of the poet's rhymes,
The muse, in verse, with pleasure shall relate
Thy art, assistant both to Church and State.
She means not, Sir, her time and pains to waste
On tinkling hand-bells of inferior cast;
What Stentor rings, with gravity of phyz,
To usher in his important "O yez;"
Nor those which, jingling from the fore-most load,
Cheer each slow-footed pack-horse on the road;
Nor those that ring a thousand times a day,
Whom waiters, maids, and footmen all obey.
Far nobler themes I sing—the lofty power
Of sound from yon old venerable tower;
Which, in loud clangor, rends the echoing air
When happy Damon weds the blooming fair,
Or valiant Britons on th' embattled plain,
Vanquish their foes, the field's great masters reign.

When Roman heroes, with the spoil of wars,
Approach'd the city in triumphal cars,
While gladsome pæans hail'd the glorious day,
And fresh-cull'd flow'rs bestrew'd the public way,
Had bells but rung, complete had been their joys,
And fuller shouts of triumph rent the skies.
E'en fancy now brings to my ravish'd ears
Notes like the music of the heav'n'y spheres.
Hark! they come floating on each spreading gale,
Down Tiber's stream, thro' all the neigh-b'ring vale;
From Jove's high Capitol how strong they sound,
And Rome's seven hills re-echo all around.
The nice divisions viols boast; the harp
Abounds with strings, whose notes are flat and sharp;
Tho' various stops, the solemn organ trace
The sprightly treble and majestic bass:—
Yet say what bass, what treble can excel,
The cheerful matin, or the fun'ral knell?
What note like that which sounds from Paul's high dome,
From Oxford, or fam'd Lincoln's mighty Tom?
What diapason like their lofty hum?

Nor less have Bells our passions at command
Than vocal choir, or instrumental band.
When the deep sound tolls slow o'er solemn biers,
See! pity droops, and sorrow sheds her tears:
But when that gay festivities draw nigh,
And happy seasons call forth public joy,
What notes more lively can our senses know
Than the loud changes, which melodious flow,
From Bride's, Saint Martin's, Michael's, Overy's, Bow?
And thence convey'd along the bord'ring streams,
Rejoice each village on the banks of Thames,
When bells hail in great George's natal day,
When ev'ry village, ev'ry town, is gay;
On market-hills, when crackling bonfires blaze,
While ev'ry street re-bellows with huzzas;
When then our souls true patriot pleasures feel,
As each high steeple gives the joyful peal,
In ev'ry tavern honest healths go round,
And Jacobins grow loyal at the sound.
Let Weischell play, and Braham charm the fair,
With Op'ra songs, and soft Italian air;

* See an account of the first and subsequent peals on these musical bells, in our Magazine for May, pages 90 and 91.

Our

Our country swains, with greater pleasure hear,
Fam'd Majors, Caters, Tripples, and Grandsire,
Which, while they ring, sonorous, clear, and sweet:
The face of commerce smiles along the street:
Their merry sounds e'en some refreshment yield
To toiling husbandry amidst the field.
Let skilful Germans, with their hands and feet,
Still play their chimes, and labour still, and sweat;
Far more the barrel does our wonder move,
Which strikes the hammers on the bells above.
Taught thus, with sounds melodious, to prolong
Playford's grave psalm, and Purcell's tuneful song,
No longer Albion, for the time to come,
Shall raise her armies by the beat of drum.
Her youth but coldly mind what captains say,
Of pleasant quarters, or of present pay;
But when they hear, in notes exalted higher,
"Britons Strike Home," from yonder sacred spire,
Their spirit kindling at the martial song,
Rush furious to "revenge their country's wrong."
In vain a sister bids her brother stay;
In vain invents new causes of delay;
In vain the mother would her son detain;
And black-ey'd Susan sheds her tears in vain.
See the brave lads, whilst brighter glory charms,
Resistless break from their opposing arms;
Cheerful to war in burning climes they run,
As if, the labour of the harvest done,
They meant themselves a while but to regale,
With merry dancing, cakes, and sparkling ale.
Nor here forget the skilful founder's care:
When notes discordant strike th' offended ear,
Soon as the constant sounds are clearly known,
He pares off all excrescences of tone,
Studious examines all, till all agree,
Note following note in truest harmony.
Thus bards retrench each rough poetic draught,
And lop off all redundancy of thought,
Correcting long what they had wrought too soon,
Smooth each harsh line, and chip them into tune.

Proceed, great man, whose fam'd mechanic hand
Works wond'rous service to thy native land:
Proceed, till bells, by thy auspicious art,
Raise noblest passions in each British heart:
Proceed till squeamish schismatics shall deign
To hear their sounds, nor think their music vain;
No longer Bells with Popery condemn,
But, turn'd to peace, learn harmony from them.
Hence village swains thy bells and fame shall raise;
The muse you aid shall chime in grateful lays,
And ev'ry town ring loudly of thy praise.

MISCONCEPTION;
A TALE.

ERE Night her sable curtain spread;
Ere Phœbus had retir'd to bed
In Thetis' lap;
Ere drowsy watchmen yet had tak'n,
Their early nap;

A wight, by hungry fiend made bold,
To Farmer Fitz Maurice's fold
Did slily creep,
Whose num'rous flocks were quiet laid
In th' arms of sleep.

No doubt the sheep he meant to steal,
But, hapless, close behind his heel
Was ploughman Joe,
Who just arriv'd in time to stop
The murd'rous blow.

May ill luck on ill actions wait!
The felon must to justice strait
Be dragg'd perforce;
Where prosecutors urge his guilt
Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelm'd, the victim stands,
Anticipates the dread commands
From th' elbow chair,

Where

Where justice sits in solemn state.
With brow austere.

"Rogue! what excuse hast thou for this;
For to old Gilbert Fitz Maurice
Thou know'st full well
The sheep within that fold belong'd?
Come, quickly tell:

"Confess thy crime; — 'twill nought avail
To say the mark above the tail
Thou did'st not heed;
For G. F. M. in letters large,
Thou plain might'st read."

"'Tis true I did," the thief replies;
"But man is not at all times wise;
As I'm a glutton,
I clearly thought that G. F. M.
Meant *Good Fat Mutton!*"

ON TOBACCO.

WRITTEN BY BARTEN HOLIDAY, IN THE YEAR 1618.

TOBACCO's a musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close through the organs of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.

This makes me sing so ho, so ho, boyes,
Ho Boyes sound I loudly.
Earth never did breed so jovial a weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases,
When our braines it enters, our feet do make indentures!
While we seale with stamping paces.
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco's a Physician,
Good both for sound and sickly;
'Tis a hot perfume, that expels cold rheume,
And makes it flow down quickly.

Tobacco is a traveller,
Come from the Indies hether:
It passed sea and land, ere it came to my hand,
And scaped the wind and weather.

Tobacco is a Criticke,
That still old paper turneth,
Whose labour and care is as smoke in the aire,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.

Tobacco is an Ignis Fatuus,
A fat and fyrre vapour,
That leads men about till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.

Tobacco is a whyffler,
And cries huff snuff with furie,
His pipes, his club, his linke, he's the wiser that dos drinke;
Thus armed I fear not a furie.
This makes me sing, &c.

SONNET,

TO THE GOUT IN MY LEFT LEG.

OH, pleasing pain!—pshaw! what a lie I'm telling;—
Oh, piercing pain!—confound you quickly fly;
Prythee be off, and then this angry swelling
May gradual, with gentler twitches, die.

This wrap of flannel makes me look as wise
As some fat Alderman, with fair round belly:
But though you're pleas'd to take me by surprise,
I'm but a half-starv'd poet, let me tell ye.

Oh! what a horrid twinge!!—Good Mr. Gout,
If you'll be pleas'd to vanish from me quite,
In your sweet praise I'll kick up such a rout,
And swear that all you do is good and right,
That those who have you shall forget their pain,
And those that have not, wish for you again!

J. M. L.

July 2, 1807.